The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 241
OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 246
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 247
THE READER—
Johnson. By Thomas Seccombe 248
Dr. Johnson's Literary Work. By H. Spencer Scott 257
Dr. Johnson's Ancestry. By C. S. Sargisson 261
The White Prophet. By Dr. William Barry 266
The Bookman Prize Competitions 268
NEW BOOKS—
Chesterton on Shaw. By A. St. John Adcock 270
Three Country Books. By Edward Thomas 271
The *Times* History. By Lt.-Col. Walter H. James 273
A Spurious Hero 273
The Greatest of Bohemians. By Walter Jerrold 274
Spain and Portugal 275
Heine 276
The Way Things Happen ... 276
Wings of the Deep. By J. E. Patterson 277
NOVEL NOTES—
The Score—Low Society—Mary—The Marriage of Hilary Carden —Watchers by the Shore—The Forbidden Theatre—A House of Lies—Above All Things—Shoes of Gold—The Necromancers—On Tour with Troddles ... 278-80
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Diversions in Sicily—The French Revolution—The Riding to Lithend—Sword and Blossom Poems—The English in China 280-81
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 281
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 282

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The October Bookman will have an exceptional interest and importance, since it is to be a Tennyson Centenary Number and our usual Autumn Double Number in one. It will be splendidly illustrated, and will deal very fully with the books of the publishing season that is just commencing. Among its chief contents will be a special article on "Tennyson" by Dr. William Barry, a suggestive essay on the formative influences of Tennyson's earlier years by A. B. Cooper, and one on "Sir Willoughby Patterne," by M. Buxton Forman.

A Bicentenary Edition of Boswell's "Johnson," newly edited, with notes, by Roger Ingpen, is published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. With its five hundred and sixty-eight illustrations, and Mr. Ingpen's admirable annotations to them, this handsome re-issue of the greatest biography in the language is one that both the scholar and the general reader will find as invaluable as it is attractive. It will be issued in weekly parts at sixpence, and the first part is to be ready this week.

Mr. John Lane is publishing immediately a book on "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley, with an introductory essay by Thomas Seccombe. Practically the whole of the material of this volume is new; in addition to numerous hitherto unpublished letters, elaborate biographical and other notes by Mrs. Piozzi, it contains the unpublished journal of the Welsh tour made by Dr. Johnson and the Thrales in 1774. The work has twenty-four illustrations from rare originals. Mr. Lane is also publishing a new edition of Johnson's poems edited by Mrs. William Watson.

Mr. T. N. Foulis announces a re-edited and much improved edition of the Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Piozzi; it will contain a considerable amount of new material, a number of portraits in colour, and other illustrations.

The Clarendon Press has published as a shilling pamphlet the brilliant and scholarly lecture on the Centenary of Tennyson that was given by Dr. T. Herbert Warren in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on August 6 last. The criticisms in the lecture are admirably balanced and deliberate, despite the fact that Dr. Warren says: "I ought to warn you that I myself am the most 'thick-and-thin' admirer of Tennyson," and that he agrees with Rossetti in thinking "one can never open Tennyson at the wrong page." Dr. Warren saw a

Photo by Graham, Leamington Spa.

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison).

A hitherto unpublished portrait, taken in 1883.

good deal of the poet in his later years, and his personal recollections of him are particularly interesting. He found Tennyson most genial and cordial, once his first shyness had worn off, but was struck more than all by his "transparent candour."

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison) is at work on a new novel which will run to about a hundred thousand words. It will be published either late this autumn or early next year, in this country by Mr. John Murray and in America by Harpers. The scene of the story is laid partly in Paris and partly in England, on the South Coast; it is a novel of character rather than of incident, but it touches on one or two important modern questions that should give it a special interest for readers who still regard the novel as a matter of something more than mere amusement.

For twenty-five years Mr. Festing Jones, whose book on Sicily we review elsewhere, was the intimate friend of Samuel Butler (the author of "Erewhon"), and first went to Sicily with him when he was making researches for his book, "The Authoress of the Odyssey." Our photograph of Mr. Jones (on page 280) was taken by Butler some years ago.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon is publishing a volume of short stories with Messrs. Methuen this autumn, and a new novel in the spring.

According to Baedeker's "Northern Germany," one of the latest theories with regard to the "Rat Catcher of Hamelin" is that the story is based on the alleged fact that some of the youth of Hamelin were seized in 1284 with the "dancing mania," and left the town and never returned; but it is now thought that this is possibly a distorted recollection of the Crusade of Children. Under the title of "On the Forgotten Road," Mr. Henry Baerlein has written a chronicle of this Crusade, which Mr. Murray will publish. Mr. Baerlein has confined himself to the French side of the Crusade, which began in France early in the thirteenth century and was probably the most pathetic and absurd adventure in the history of any country. When the fifth Crusade had failed, a notion got abroad that children, being innocent, could win for Christendom that Holy Land which more sophisticated warriors fought for in vain. Two emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain went to France to secure the children, who were led by a boy named Stephen. They set sail in seven ships, two of which were wrecked on the island of San Pietro, off Sardinia, whilst the other five reached either Egypt or Syria, where the children were sold into slavery. Mr. Baerlein's story, which is put into the mouth of Stephen's father, is based on all the available evidence—monkish chronicles and so forth—and is the first book to appear in England on this remarkable and picturesque episode.

Mr. Teignmouth Shore's "Charles Dickens and his Friends" will be issued by the house of Cassell this autumn, and he is writing a book on Count D'Orsay that will probably see the light next spring.

The novels of Mr. James Baker, author of "John Westacott," are to be issued at two shillings by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in the autumn. First will come that striking historical romance, "The Gleaming Dawn," and then "The Cardinal's Page"; this will be followed by the well-known "John Westacott," "The Inseparables," and others. Mr. Baker is engaged upon a new work, to which he is giving the name of "Reminiscent Gossip from Old Notebooks."

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this autumn a new book by Jerome K. Jerome to which he has given the title of "They and I."

XUM

At a time when the libraries overflow with very perishable fiction, when the novel itself appears to be in a state of transition and the way of the novelist is made harder by the wholesale issuing of cheap reprints, it was perhaps risky for a new writer to go to actual life for his characters, plot, and atmosphere and to offer no startling, sensational sops to the many-headed one. This is what Mr. J. E. Patterson did and did not do in his "Fishers of the Sea"; he has done it again in "Watchers by the Shore" and impenitently declares that he will continue to do it so long as he can find in contemporary life that which interests him and is worth writing about. By the way, some Church of England clergymen have written to the publishers testifying to the fidelity with which "Watchers by the Shore" portrays longshore life on the Suffolk coast, and the vicars of Aldeburgh and Gorleston have been preaching on the lessons of the book.

Mr. J. E. Patterson ran away to sea as a youngster, became in due course a chief mate, and after spending ten years afloat and some in foreign lands, was thrown ashore at Cardiff twelve years ago, apparently a cripple for life. While tallying cargo on the dock side there he wrote a long poem that on its publication met with considerable attention in the critical journals. He then took to journalism and did his share of reviewing for *Literature*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Daily Chronicle*, etc., and was for some time on the staff of the *Westminster Gazette*. Being descended partially from farming stock, his interests are pretty equally divided between land cultivation, seafaring matters, and human nature in general. Hence, he is now busy upon a farming novel and has chosen a part of the Essex coast as a locale. But his next book is to be a sort of life of Lieutenant John O. Williams, R.N., who has many medals and probably holds the record for saving life by the rocket apparatus; it will really be the story of Lieutenant Williams's life-saving from wrecks, an impression of the man himself, and an account of the development of the rocket apparatus from a crude idea to its present condition, with a chapter on possible further improvements.

Mr. J. E. Patterson and Lieut. John O. Williams.

"Colliding vigorously in their effort to perform this act of gallantry."

From "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk," by the Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)

The Baroness Orczy has written a new romance, "The Nest of the Sparrowhawk," which is to run serially through that interesting little magazine the *Imp*, before Messrs. Greening publish it in book form. It is a story of the days of Cromwell, and the scene is laid in the Isle of Thanet.

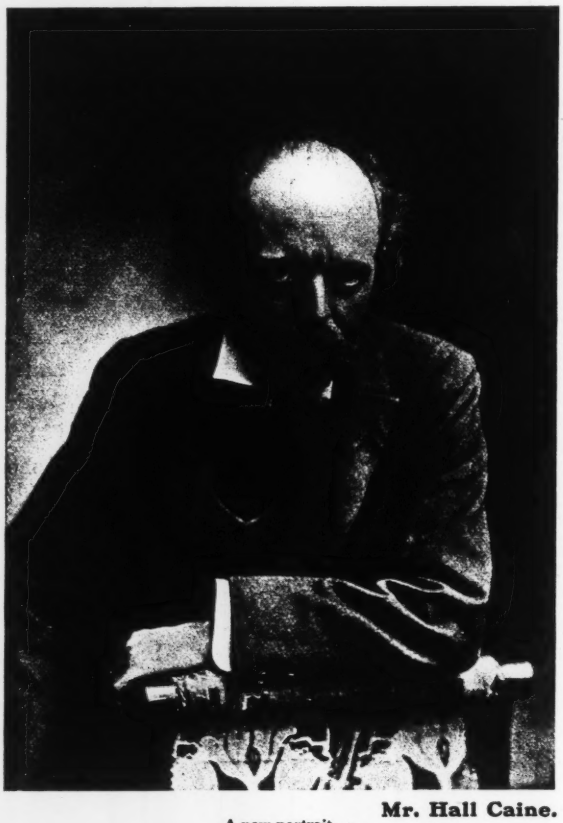
"Shadow Shapes" is the title given to a volume of short stories and nature sketches by Miss Ella Erskine that Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing. Miss Erskine, who is descended from the famous

judge, is a cousin of Aubrey Beardsley, and is distantly related to George MacDonald. Her father, General Erskine, saw thirty-two years' service in India, and she is much interested in the literature, philosophy, and art of the East. At the age of eleven she earned her first money from literary work—it was the large sum of seven-and-sixpence for a short poem called "Sunset Dreams"; she has now for some time past been a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers. An accomplished musician, a dramatist, and an actress (she studied for the stage with Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Rosina Filippi), Miss Erskine has been engaged to play the leading part in "The White Hair," a one-act play of hers that the Scottish Repertory Theatre is producing in Edinburgh and Glasgow during September. Incidentally, Miss Erskine is now at work upon a novel which deals in a somewhat original way with the subject of hereditary insanity.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing immediately "The Smiths of Valley View," by Keble Howard. It almost goes without saying that the story is a sequel to the delightful and deservedly popular "Smiths of Surbiton."

The Letters of Shelley, compiled and edited by Roger Ingpen, will be published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons on the 7th inst.

Few of our younger novelists have done such excellent work or won a readier recognition than has Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt. He is still only thirty-one, and, giving up a business career, took to writing as a profession no more than six years ago. He has since then done a good deal of literary and dramatic criticism and published four novels. This summer Mr. Harcourt Williams has produced a three-act comedy of his called "Loyalty," and he is now engaged on his second play, also a comedy. At Oxford Mr. de Sélincourt took the school of English Language and Literature, for which he read under his brother Ernest de Sélincourt, who recently succeeded Churton Collins as Professor of English Literature at Birmingham University; to his brother he owes very largely his enthusiasm for literature, "and he helped me," Mr. de Sélincourt warmly acknowledges, "more than I can say with his own learning and judgment." He is particularly attracted by the Elizabethans in history and literature and has written a book on Sir Walter Raleigh, and a chapter on the successors of Spenser for the Cambridge History. He has almost completed a monograph on Shelley which will be published shortly.



Mr. Hall Caine.

A new portrait.

(Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The White Prophet," is reviewed by Dr. Barry on page 266.)

"The Holy Mountain," by Stephen Reynolds, which has been appearing serially in the *English Review*, will be published next month by Mr. John Lane. It is a satirical novel, in which Mr. Reynolds has followed the Swiftian method and combined the satire with a story—in this case a love-story. Alexander Trotman, son of a country grocer, whilst out on the downs with his young lady, a draper's assistant, in an ecstasy of faith and love miraculously removes one of the hills from Wiltshire to London. The effect of the miracle locally and in London, the scramble to gain possession of the "Holy Mountain," the efforts of the more sensational newspapers, the music-halls, and other organisations to exploit the grocer's son and his miracle—these provide much of the story.

"The Search Party" is the title of a novel by George A. Birmingham that Messrs. Methuen are publishing immediately. "Birmingham" is the pen name of the Rev. James O. Hannay, who is rector of the remote parish of Westport, on the seaboard of Connacht. Mr. Hannay's first attempt at literary work was a short story which appeared in *Temple Bar* seventeen years ago. After that, he gave up writing fiction for a long while. In 1897 he published a Life of his father-in-law, F. R. Wynne,

Bishop of Killaloe; and followed this, in 1903, with "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism" (these being Donellan lectures delivered before the University of Dublin during the previous year), "The Wisdom of the Desert" (1904), an account of the Egyptian hermits of the fourth century, and contributed some articles to Hastings' Dictionaries; then he turned to fiction again and wrote six novels. The first five, though they had a considerable vogue in Ireland, were only read in England by the somewhat limited class of Englishmen who take a serious interest in Irish affairs. Nevertheless they won for the author many friendships that he values and many enemies that he is not sorry to have acquired. His sixth novel, "Spanish Gold," obtained an immediate and general popularity, and "The Search Party" is another story of the same kind. Mr. Hannay is now working on a series of short stories for the new magazine that Messrs. Methuen are to bring out next year.

Mr. Werner Laurie, who publishes "Hilary Carden" by Stanley Portal Hyatt, has in hand another novel by the same author—a London story which is to be called "Black Sheep." Mr. Hyatt is at present writing for Mr. Melrose "The Northward Trek," a history of the struggle between British and Boers for Bechuanaland and Lobengula's territory, a book that will throw new light on much that happened between 1880 and 1891 in Africa.

Mr. Hyatt is an old Dulwich College boy, and has had a very varied and interesting career. Originally an engineer, he went to Australia and worked on a sheep-station; came home round Cape Horn in a sailing ship; then went out to Matabeleland and helped to erect the first mining machinery in the Chartered territory. Abandoning engineering, he became a successful trader, then a transport rider for three years, and afterwards lost all his cattle and his cash through a new cattle disease, the African Coast Fever. He and his brother were the first men to go right through the rubber jungles of Mozambique for the Portuguese Government, and were paid in land, which, he says, "was promptly taken away again, Portuguese fashion" Meanwhile, the Allahabad *Pioneer* had discovered him by chance and started him writing; he began writing also for some of the London financial papers. Leaving Rhodesia in 1904, "disgusted and broke," he wandered round the East with his brother Amyas; saw much of the underside of life in Eastern cities, came round by the Philippines and gathered material for "The Little Brown Brother." His adventures in the Philippines during the American war included a trip on a Japanese blockade runner, but when on the sudden death of his brother he turned his face homewards he was, as he puts it, "broke, as usual." At home, doing press work at night and working as an electric light wireman by day, he found time to write "Marcus Hay," and had the somewhat unusual experience of signing the contract for his first novel within six days of finishing it.

Photo by Russell. **"George A. Birmingham" (Rev. James O. Hannay).**

"Love the Thief," which has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., is to be Helen Mathers' (Mrs. Reeves') last novel. Ever since the appearance of "Comin' thro' the Rye" the name of Helen Mathers has been a household word with all lovers of good fiction. A resentment against the undue cheapening of new fiction, and a desire to lay down her pen while her popularity is still at its highest, have had much to do with Mrs. Reeves' decision, but whatever her reasons for it may be, her retirement will be sincerely regretted by many thousands of readers.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to Messrs. Pitman, Mr. John Lane, Mr. J. Leonard Rees of Derby, Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Greening, and Messrs. Constable.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *August* 20, 1909.

AMERICAN trade is, in America's phrase, "booming," and the book trade, always among the first of all the trades to feel depression and the last to feel prosperity, is sharing in the general improvement.

A book traveller who had just returned from a business trip in the West, this week, spoke in glowing terms of the conditions he found there. "Not one of the travellers who went to Chicago this summer left there anything but content with the result of his trip," said he, "and you know we book travellers are hard fellows to satisfy."

Whether all this means that English authors may now count on a double revenue from their American rights is doubtful, but it certainly should mean something of an increase in that part of their incomes that is expressed in dollars. The effect of the financial panic of two years ago continued in American publishing circles throughout the following winter, and by the course of the next summer worked its way over to England, where for six months or so the sale of books was, according to all accounts, worse than it had been for half a generation.

Literary conditions in America have, according to some reminiscences I have recently run across, changed to a phenomenal extent in the last hundred years. In those days, a century ago, it seems that Americans had self-confidence enough to frame a constitution and to establish a nation, but not sufficient belief in themselves either to back their own literary judgment or to put faith in the literary work of one of their fellow-countrymen. It is said that it was almost certain to ensure the condemnation of a book at the hand of native critics were it known that the work was the production of native pen and native brains.

This curious state of things resulted in many strange incidents. For example, when a Philadelphia author named Barker had written a book that gained the sympathy of an American publisher, the publisher did not dare bring it out as the work of an American writer, foreseeing that, if he did so, it would be a flat failure. He therefore conceived the idea of pretending the book had come from England, and even went to the length of having the manuscript packed in a parcel with English postmarks and so delivered at his office. It was issued as the work of an Englishman and had a considerable success. Then the heinous fact leaked out that the book was the work of an author who was not an Englishman but an American, and "the public very soon ceased to find in it the merits that before had been so clearly visible."

Such then was the attitude of the baby nation toward its own authors. To-day we stand in an exactly opposite position. Every average reader, most editors and many book publishers protest that they want American stories in preference to all others. Piccadilly and Devonshire, the House of Commons and Cockney dialect, are all pronounced "too English" by the American man-in-the-street, and his pronouncement carries weight.

It is a fact, in consequence, that the English novel of to-day must be exceedingly appealing, by way of plot interest, by way of literary merit, or because of the name of its author, if it is to secure a hearing in the States; and the same is true, only to a far greater extent, with regard to books originally published in foreign countries other than England.

"Translations," said the head of one of the oldest publishing houses to me, "we take up only in the rarest cases. In the last ten years we have published very few indeed, and, even so, we find that more than half of them have been failures."

This prejudice is due, I fancy, to the childish antipathy most folks feel to reading about conditions of life in which the minor details are unlike those to which they are accustomed. Bazarov in "Fathers and Children," says: "A man's capable of understanding anything—how the æther vibrates and what's going on in the sun—but how any other man can blow his nose differently from him, that he's incapable of understanding."

Thus the American child will accept unblinkingly between book covers the goblin and the genii, but declines to interest himself in the fates of a fictional youngster who is represented as playing football according to different rules from those to which he himself has to submit, while his father will put faith in stories of human nature that is only a little more human than that of "Consul," the famous trained monkey, but declines, as a general thing, to interest himself in a set of characters who don't care for ice-water.

I do not think that this characteristic is essentially American. Doubtless it is common to human nature, but, in so far as it affects literary judgment, Americans seem to show it more strongly than English people, probably because, being so far away from the Continent of Europe, the little details of its daily life (French breakfast, separate compartments in railway trains, and a thousand unimportant things quite familiar to the English reader) are to us absolute stumbling-blocks to understanding. The life stories that Paul Bourget or Maxim Gorki tells us are so different from our own lives in all the little things that we cannot give them perfect sympathy, despite the fact that in the bigger things Bourget's or Gorki's people and ourselves are quite in accord. And so, naturally enough, Bourget and Gorki and the other distinguished continental writers have an American public which is practically negligible.

Translated classics we read, to be sure, but that indicates nothing by way of national literary taste, since, as a naive young person said to me the other day, "of course, nobody ever really *wants* to read the classics."

Another type of translation has been popular—that is, French stories of detection. Gaboriau must have really tremendous sales here, and the newer French writers who have followed in his footsteps—such as Gaston Leroux—are gaining similar successes.

It is interesting to see how really widespread in America has been the notice aroused by the Tennyson Centenary and also to follow the tone of the critical

remarks called forth in the newspapers and magazines. It has, of course, been the fashion for some time back to sniff at Tennyson, and the loftier type of critic seems to regard him as a family poet, rather beneath the attention of the really intellectual reader, or unworthy of being classed with the poets of subtler sort. American comment in the last fortnight or so has not, however, been along these lines, but has been rather to the effect that Tennyson was really a great poet and that his work will outlive that of many of the intellectuals to whom lofty critics have been accustomed to compare him to his disadvantage. GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

September 1 to October 1, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

ALLAN, REV. W. A. G.—Suse o' Busby. A Somerset Tale. 6s.
PIERCE, E. F.—Woodhays. A new "Nature" book by the author of "The Traveller's Joy." 6s.
QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—True Tilda. 6s.
QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—Two Sides of the Face. New Edition. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BEALBY, J. T., B.A.—Fruit Ranching in British Columbia. 32 page Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London in the Nineteenth Century. 123 Illustrations and a Reproduction of Cruchley's Map of London. 30s. net.
CONWAY, MISS A. E., and SIR MARTIN CONWAY.—The Children's Book of Art. 16 full-page Illustrations in Colour from pictures in British Public Galleries. 6s.
FARRAR, FREDERIC W.—Eric; or, Little by Little. St. Winifred's; or, The World of School. Julian Home; or, A Tale of College Life. 1s. and 1s. 6d. each. Eric, and St. Winifred's, Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I., and Julian Home, by Stanley Berkeley, 2s. 6d. each. With all the Illustrations of the 2s. 6d. editions, and each containing 8 additional full-page Illustrations in Colour, 3s. 6d. each.
FINNEMORE, JOHN.—The Story of Robin Hood and His Merry Men. 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Allan Stewart. 3s. 6d.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Lake of Geneva. Painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and Miss May Hardwicke Lewis. 60 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.
GRIERSON, ELIZABETH.—Children's Tales of English Minsters. 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by various artists. 6s.
HOME, GORDON.—The Motor Routes of England: Southern Section (South of the Thames). 24 Pictures in Colour and 45 Sketch Maps. 5s. net; leather, 7s. 6d. net.
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Adventures in North America. 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Henry Sandham. 6s.
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Beasts of Business. 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by G. Vernon Stokes and Alan Wright. 3s. 6d.
LOCKHART, J. G.—The Life of Sir Walter Scott. Abridged. New Edition. 8 full-page Illustrations in Colour and 4 in Black and White.
MITTON, G. E.—The Book of the Railway. 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour from drawings by Allan Stewart. 6s.
ROBERTSON, JOHN M., M.P.—Montaigne and Shakespeare. 7s. 6d. net.
SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED, and MRS. PAYNTER.—The Children's Book of Gardening. 12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Mrs. Cayley-Robinson. 6s.
WODEHOUSE, P. G.—Mike. A Public School Story. 8 full-page Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
YOUNGHUSBAND, SIR FRANCIS EDWARD, K.C.I.E.—Kashmir. Painted by Major E. Molyneux, D.S.O. 75 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.

Messrs. Blackie & Sons, Ltd.

CAIN, WM.—A Brief Course in the Calculus. 6s. net.
CAVEN, R. M.—Systematic Qualitative Analysis for Students of Inorganic Chemistry. 3s. 6d. net.
FRICERS, KATE J.—Little French People. 24 Pictures in Colour. 3s. 6d.
HOBSON, RUTH A.—Great-Grandmother's Book. 16 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d.
SCHMALL, CHAS. N.—A First Course in Analytical Geometry. 6s. net.
Blackie's Children's Annual, 6th year of issue. 5s. and 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BALL, SIR ROBERT.—Earth's Beginning. New Edition. 7s. 6d.
CRANE, WALTER.—A Flower Wedding. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d.
CRANE, WALTER.—Flowers from Shakespeare's Garden. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d.
DUDENEY, MRS.—The Shoulder Knot. 6s.
HABERSHON, S. H.—Diseases of the Stomach. 9s. net.
HALL, E. CALVERT.—Aunt Jane of Kentucky. 6s.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Romance of Michael Trevail. 3s. 6d.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Smiths of Valley View. 6s.
HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—Kate Meredith. 6d.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Under the Iron Flail. 1s. net.
People's Library. 10 New Vols. Cloth, 8d. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net.
London Town. 2 Vols. 10s. net each.
25 Little Classics. A New Series. Pocketable Size. 7d. net per Vol.
The World's Great Pictures. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—French Vignettes. A Series of Dramatic Episodes, 1787–1871. With Portraits. 10s. 6d. net.
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Screen. 6s.
CANA, FRANK R.—South Africa from the Great Trek to Union. 10s. 6d. net.
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Sheriff of Dyke Hole. 6s.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Christmas Books. Illustrated. A Special Edition for Christmas and New Year's gifts. 5s. net.
PICKERING, SIDNEY.—Paths Perilous. 6s.
SCHEVILL, FERDINAND.—Siena: the Story of a Mediæval Commune. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—Memorial of St. Paul's Cathedral. Illustrated by Louis Weirter. 16s. net.
STATHAM, H. H.—The Organ and its Position in Musical Art. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs Chatto & Windus.

BARKER, ELSA.—The Son of Mary Bethel. 6s.
BARRINGTON, MICHAEL.—The Knight of the Golden Sword. 6s.
CLAYTON, MARGARET.—Camping in the Forest. Coloured Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
HAMILTON, COSMO.—Plain Brown. 6s.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN.—A History of Our Own Times. Vols. VI. and VII. Cheaper Edition. 6s. each.
METHVEN, PAUL.—Influences. 6s.
PENNY, MRS.—The Unlucky Mark. 6s.
READE, CHARLES.—The Cloister and the Hearth. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. 12s. 6d.
SPIELMANN, MRS.—The Rainbow Bowl: Stories. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham and Others. 5s. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—Weir of Hermiston. Cheaper Edition. 2s. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—Vailima Prayers. Miniature Edition. 1s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—A Lowden Sabbath Morn. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. New Edition. 6s.
THACKERAY, W. M.—The Rose and the Ring. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 3s. 6d. net.
Confessions of St. Augustine. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. 7s. 6d. net.

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EVERY known fact about Johnson will probably have been recorded at one time or another in the pages of The Bookman, so that for those whose thirst for Johnsoniana is still unslaked, it ought to be enough for us to refer them to the file. It is not our intention here, at any rate, to recapitulate the well-known facts of that most conspicuous career. No new facts of any great relevance have been discovered about Johnson's earthly pilgrimage. It is true that his pedigree has been elucidated with a precision almost, if not quite, as conscientious as if he had been an English Prime Minister or an American President. But when we come to the essential data, it is a fact surely that they were all well within the reach of Macaulay when he wrote his famous appreciation for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." (The creation and preservation of Johnson seems to have fallen by a special providence into the hands of Scotsmen and dissenters.) Johnson, indeed, has moved very little. But we have been moving away from him all the time, and it may be opportune, now that he has lived nearly two hundred years in the world, to take another sight of this great literary phenomenon, with all the alterations of contour which changes of time and taste may have brought about.

From a portrait by Ozias Humphrey.

Dr. Johnson.

Johnson is not to us what he was to the generation of Miss Pinkerton and her Academy, nor what he was to our grandfathers, or even to our fathers. Those of my readers who have inherited books from any of their ascendants will be well aware what a value they attached to a complete set of Johnson's works bound in half-calf, in twelve or fourteen handsome octavo volumes. A set of Johnson in a modern library is represented by an equally voluminous, but quite different series. The "Complete Works" are relegated to the topmost shelf, and the Johnsoniana which the bookman of to-day will keep at his elbow and point to with pride are the thirteen volumes which we owe to the unflagging piety of the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill. These comprise first of all Boswell's Life and Appendices, then the two volumes of Letters, the two volumes of Miscellanies, and the three volumes of the copiously annotated Lives of the Poets. It might almost appear, in brief, that the interest in Johnson's life has definitely superseded the interest in his works. Yet the conclusion stated thus baldly can hardly be said to satisfy the situation: as to Macaulay's theory that the man alone mattered, and that a portrait painted by the hand of an inspired idiot was a true measure of the man, this has not worn much better in the main than the common run of literary propositions. The narratives contained in the two volumes of Miscellanies aforesaid supplement Boswell's Life in a hundred most important particulars, and Johnson's Life is a bigger, more massive thing than all the Lives put together. Supreme as Boswell has proved himself in the portraiture of Johnson, his supremacy is strictly confined to this one theme. Indifferent writers on other themes surpass themselves and attain to absolute excellence when they write about Johnson. All are seen alike, in the clearer perspective, to be integral parts of one stupendous monument —the monument of a man who is greater than his work.

Let us not be too hasty, however, in depreciating that work. Foxed though they are by the rusts of age and the damps of neglect, Johnson's ample pages are very far as yet from being consigned to wholesale oblivion. His moral writings are destined, in all probability, to a ponderous tomb; but this neglect is fairly compensated by a steady revival of interest in his Meditations and Letters. Johnson's eminence as a letter-writer has hardly perhaps been fully realised. Yet of letters that count, we can hardly have fewer than six hundred from his pen. Three hundred admirable specimens were indited to Mrs. Thrale alone. He was too lazy a correspondent, it may be thought, to be a letter-writer of the very first order. The care that

Cowper and Walpole took to collect and polish material was a total stranger to his composition. But out of the material at hand he wrought wonders —not a sentence but betrays that complete mastery of our language to which only a mental athlete who is also a philologer can ever hope to attain. As a scholar there are some who think that he is seen to best advantage in his Shakespeare. He was not an Elizabethan specialist, of course, but he was a master of the English language, and he never cringed to Shakespeare. He charges him bluntly with circumlocution. The dramatist often, says Johnson, gets entangled in his proper meaning, which he cannot express and will not reject. He struggles with it for a while, but, if it continues stubborn, leaves it for those who have more leisure to bestow to disentangle and evolve. No one has helped more to disentangle this meaning than Johnson himself. "Johnson's strong grasp of the main thread of the discourse, his sound sense, and his wide knowledge of humanity enable him in a hundred passages to go straight to Shakespeare's meaning. . . . Macaulay's statement that it would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic [than Johnson's of Shakespeare], has nothing but emphasis to recommend it. . . . A wiser man than Macaulay —James Boswell—has already answered Macaulay's condemnation." * As scholar and wit—his most distinctive combination—*plus* a man of the world who had grown in familiarity with life as a problem of which literature after all is only a fraction, his great achievement was "The Lives of the Poets," written in a happy hour, when Streatham gave him its best, when he had receded most from the pomposity of his verbose or periodical phase, and before his health or mental powers had begun to show any signs of abatement. As critic he supplies a bridge between life and literature such as few men could supply. Biography was his favourite study. It had its irksome side, but he did not intend to allow this to bother him. The booksellers (he knew the dogs so well) were not going to have so much the best of the bargain. If the details were handy, well and good. If not, he was quite prepared to supply their place with his own shrewd reflections and sombre philosophy of living and dying. George III. suggested that Spenser might be included in the bead-roll of English master-poets. But Johnson himself could be brought to recommend for insertion only Blackmore, Pomfret, Yalden, and Watts! To such poet-asters he was ever indulgent. He kept his thunders for Milton and Gray. Johnson's horizon as a literary historian was the limited horizon of the *grand siècle*. His blind side as a literary critic was thus estimated by a contemporary:

"Johnson's mind is fettered with prejudices civil, poetical, political, religious, and even superstitious. As a reasoner he is nothing. He has not the least tincture of the *esprit philosophique* upon any subject. He is not a poet, nor has any taste for what is properly called poetry; for imagination, enthusiasm, etc. His poetry—I mean what he esteems such—is only good sense put into good metre. He sees no promise of Milton's genius in his juvenile poems. He feels no beauties in Mr. Gray's odes. Did you ever see a more school-boyish criticism than his upon Gray? . . . In general I find my palate in matters

From an old print (by permission). Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Lichfield Market-Place as it was in 1709.

* "Johnson on Shakespeare." By Walter Raleigh. (Frowde, 1908.)

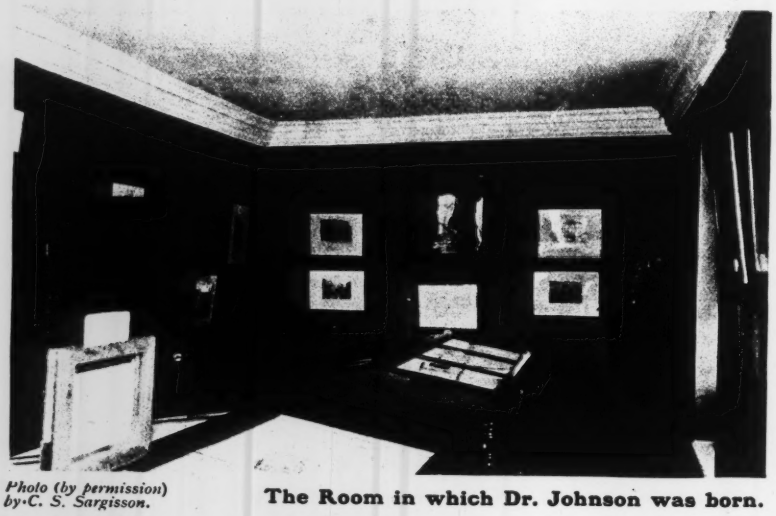


Photo (by permission) by C. S. Sargisson.

The Room in which Dr. Johnson was born.

of poetry continually at variance with Dr. Johnson's. I don't mean this alone as any proof that he is wrong. But the general taste of the most poetical people, of the best poets, are against him. I will not allow that a man who slights Akenside, abuses Gray, and mentions with complacence such versifiers as Pomfret, Yalden, Watts, etc., in the list of poets, can have any true poetical taste. He is a man of sense, and has an ear; that is all. . . . With all this, Dr. Johnson is always entertaining, never trite or dull. His style is just what you say: sometimes admirable, sometimes laughable, but he never lets you gape. Without being philosophical or deep, like Hume, etc., he has his originalities of thought and his own way of seeing things, and making you see them. This is great excellence. There is in him no echo." *

From its own point of view—that of a premature Matthew Arnold, shall we call it?—this could hardly be better expressed. Johnson was certainly not a man greatly addicted to general ideas. He had not "an idea in his noddle," as a great propagandist of such ideas once observed to the present writer. He was no systematic thinker. Foreigners have never credited him with a mind at all. What Voltaire thought of him (*before* he heard that Johnson had said that Frederick the Great's poetry was such as might have been written by Voltaire's foot-boy) is well known. When his massive intellect could be brought to bear upon the problems of history, law, metaphysics, physical science, or even mathematics, however rugged they might be, it could hardly fail to make an impression. But he addressed himself to such problems with the utmost reluctance. Nay, when they were so much as debated in his presence his instinct was to twiddle his fingers and think about Tom Thumb. In Church and State matters he was a hoary protester against change, who found nothing to praise in politics since the Treaty of Utrecht, and who was in conflict with every new idea of the age. In language, as in thought, religion, and politics, he was a man cast in an antique

* "Twining Correspondence." A letter from Thomas Twining to his brother, dated May 3, 1784.

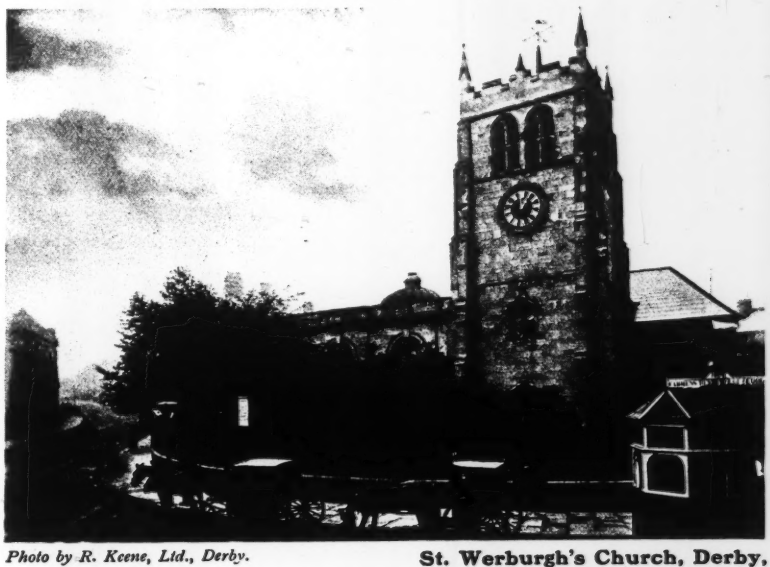


Photo by R. Keene, Ltd., Derby.

St. Werburgh's Church, Derby, where Johnson was married.

From a sketch by George Dance.

James Boswell.

mould. Is not this one of the chief reasons of his greatness? As in his austere view of human life as a gloomy cavern he connects with the primitive Christianity of the early reformers, so in his linguistic notions he approximates to the almost superhuman ideals of the great scholars of the Renaissance. He thought and prayed in Latin, prescribed for himself in Greek, translated difficult passages into French, diverted himself in Italian. Abroad he talked Latin, and he may in fact almost be termed a man of two languages; and as such lacks the ease of a man who can express himself at all times with perfect ease in one. As compared with a real master of the rare art of pouring out the mind on paper such as Thackeray, for example, Johnson, for all his powers as an improvisatore, can only be classed as a writer ponderous, sullen, laboured, inexpert. He is commonly overconscious of the majesty and solemnity of the written word. His lightest pencil is afflicted with the emphasis of a Latin inscription. To-day the ideal is at all hazards to express vividly. Johnson belonged to the old school, who put style above expression.

Thus far I am rather inclined to agree with T. T.'s limitations. But

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Lichfield Market-Place, and Dr. Johnson's Birthplace (the corner house).

Only remaining portion of the old Grammar School, Lichfield.

"After learning to read at a dame-school, and from a certain Tom Brown, of whom it is only recorded that he published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe, young Samuel was sent to the Lichfield Grammar School."—Leslie Stephen's "Johnson" (English Men of Letters: Macmillan).

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Photo by R. & R. Bull, Ashbourne.

Church Street, Ashbourne, the house where Johnson stayed as the guest of Dr. Taylor.

"Dr. Taylor's large, roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout, plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postillions . . . conveyed us to Ashbourne, where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial, creditable equipage."—Boswell's "Johnson."

when he proceeds to deny the Doctor imagination, and to refuse him the title of poet, I must part company with him. Johnson's imagination was a commanding one, and was of that noblest kind which manifests itself in practical human sympathy with the real woes of mankind. He was, I now think, a true poet—formal and restricted, no doubt, within the boundaries of the narrow metrical tradition to which he had subscribed in his youth, but powerful, solemn, and absolutely sincere. The feeling vibrates right through that iron frame. All that Johnson positively lacked to make a great poet was labour. But he was an incorrigibly idle "little dog" (as he loved to call himself) and preferred to amuse himself with "Jack the Giant Killer."

From the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Beauclerk in 1773. **Dr. Johnson.**

Johnson as a writer, then, is a man whom no one can afford not to taste, but on whom very few (increasingly few) can ever be induced to make a full meal. His literary influence persists and is profoundly felt (in the same way as that of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson) by thousands who have never read a line of his works. His moral influence is felt even more profoundly by a world which has turned its back with one accord upon his moral writings. Yet his moral grandeur may from certain points of view have been greatly enhanced,—uncritically exaggerated. I am inclined to think that it has. Johnson, I take it, was a greater, and a better, but a far more imperfect man than is generally conceived. What do we know of his stormy youth? Jack Hawkesworth and Dr. James might have told us much; but where have they done so? The wolf, to which Sam once compared himself, has been "gentled" over, as with Lamb, edited for babes and sucklings, depicted as illustrating Hugo's *l'art d'être grand-père*—grandpapa in this case to the pretty dears of "Thralia dulcis," the "papilonaceous" lady whom he waved to and fro on his trunk. More needs, I believe, to be said about Johnson's contradictory qualities, his egotism, his unfairness (to Mrs. Thrale, for example), before we can freely take him to our hearts and value him as we should. He was not really such an open book, as some would have us think, to that adhesive cur, or rather bur—you know whom I mean. Away from Boswell he gave freer run to his amativeness, to his appropriativeness, to his desire to annex the lives of others. The finer texture of his spirit is familiar.

His sense of eternity, his profound pity for human suffering, his genius for conduct and influencing conduct, his Christian charity—these things are well known. "He loved the poor as I never yet saw any one else do, with an earnest desire to make them happy"—a desire in consequence of which he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them. Such pensioners he treated with the same "or perhaps more ceremonious civility than he would have done by as many people of fashion—making the Holy Scriptures thus his rule of conduct, and only expecting salvation as he was able to obey its precepts." He gave away all he had, and "all he ever had gotten, except the two thousand pounds he left behind; and the very small portion of his income which he spent upon himself, with all our calculations we never could make more than seventy or at most fourscore pounds a year." As with his nobler qualities, so with his sheer eccentricities. The voracity which filled his familiar letters with made dishes and incited him to pour the lobster-sauce over the plum-pudding and to say that the man who disregards his belly will regard little else; his obstreperous uncouthness, which wedded the laugh of a rhinoceros to the habits of a war-elephant, prone to trample friends as well as foes; the untidy appearance, the worn-out wig singed by candles, the rusty coat

smeared with candle grease; the convulsive twitchings and geometrical-pattern walkings ("dancing the devil's jig")—these traits are known to all of us. But there are other traits less well known.

Johnson dining with Mrs. Abington, Johnson nursing the little Methodist, Johnson praying with "Francis Barber, Esquire" (his black servant), in thanksgiving for the fall of the Rockingham Administration, Johnson assisting poor Bet Flint the demi-rep poetess, Johnson inkhorn in hand, signing drafts for malt and hogsheads, Johnson hunting on the downs, proud of his performance, yet despising the sport (it is melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them), Johnson escaping loneliness by figuring at a Brighton ball! The rudest of men prided himself on his ceremonious politeness; the enemy of patronage loved to choose his own patrons, to absorb them, and persuade them that his liberties were a condescension and his inroads a favour. Because asthma and indigestion made his nights a waking nightmare he would force Mrs. Thrale in her own house to sit up with him till dawn, pouring out cups of tea whose number he disputed, quenching his insatiable thirst for a listener, and commanding her to attend him at breakfast, when he lectured her on costume. In large things unselfish and always preaching unselfishness, in the small daily things which make up life ("Life is made up of little things") he could be exacting and inconsiderate. A chartered libertine himself, he claimed the strictest accuracy, the most military punctuality—in others.

After J. Opie, R.A.

Samuel Johnson.

From a drawing by Frdk. Adcock.

No. 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

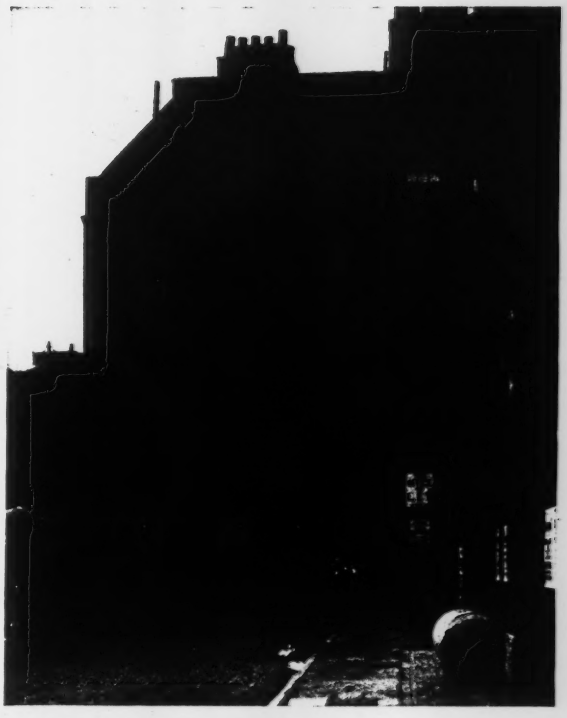
Where Boswell first met Johnson, one of the most interesting and least known of London's historic houses.

"Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house. . . . At last, on Monday, the 16th of May [1763], when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop."—Boswell's "Johnson."

With physical privations or losses as with spiritual conflicts he could sympathise, for he had suffered them himself. With sentimental afflictions and heart-aches he had no patience. "Sympathy" in such cases was assessed by him at the value of a horse's grief at the miscarriage of the cow. "Have done with canting. How would the world be worse if all your relations were spitted at once and roasted for Presto's supper?" His imperative need to prevail in argument made him an outrageous sophist, and he banged the door on argument, which was often only the vent for ill-temper resenting defeat. Because he was shocked by "Tom Jones" he denied genius to Fielding. Disliking the man Sterne, he damned the "Sentimental Journey" at a venture. Of Hume, Rousseau, or Prior, he refused to hear a good word. For six months he refused to believe in the Lisbon earthquake. He gave the lie direct to a Quaker

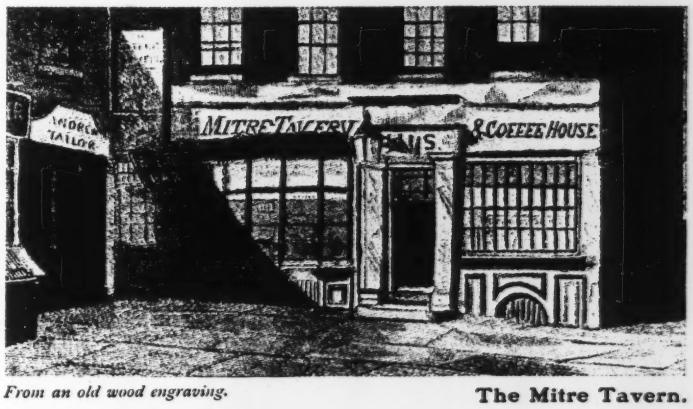
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

Showing the house in which Dr. Johnson lived from 1765 to 1776.



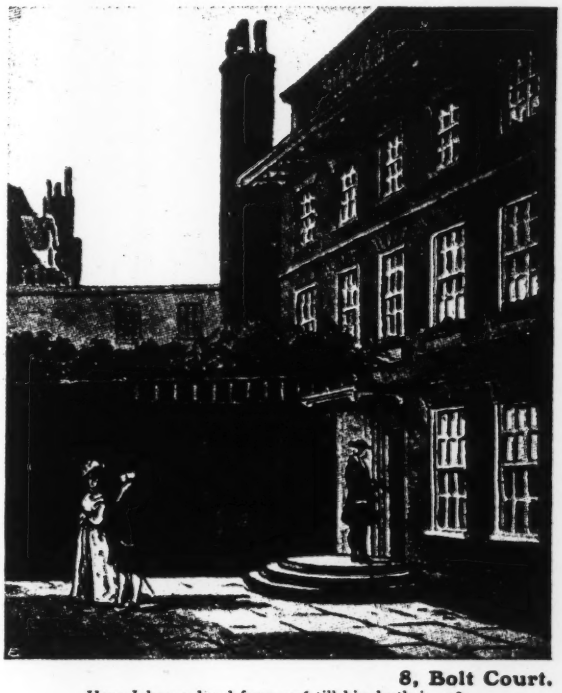
17, Gough Square, E.C.

Dr. Johnson's residence from 1748 to 1758. Here his wife died, and here he wrote the greater part of his Dictionary and of the *Rambler* and the *Idler*. His own study and the garret with its sloping roof in which his six amanuenses worked are still to be seen.



From an old wood engraving.

The Mitre Tavern.



8, Bolt Court.

Here Johnson lived from 1776 till his death in 1784

Temple Bar.

As it was in Johnson's time

After the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

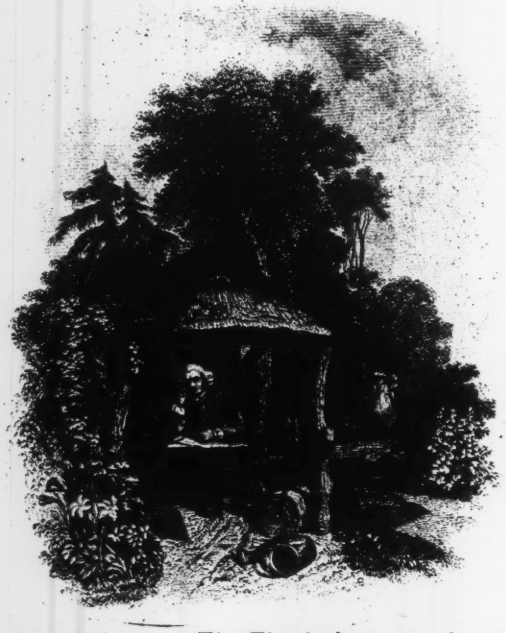
Mr. Thrale.

"This year [1765] was distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and Member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark."—Boswell's "Johnson."

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi).

about the red-hot shells at Gibraltar. When a gentleman once gesticulated with his hands he took hold of them and held them down. He drove people from him by sheer terror. The neglected scholar who had come so fearlessly to London to "drive the world about a little," who had suffered such straits of poverty, wandering homeless and unfed in the streets of London, who had wrestled with evil, disease, and starvation, had scribbled an essay on procrastination in the cellar while the printer's devil clamoured for copy in the doorway, who had eaten behind a screen to hide his tatters, and had known the stern solitude of a London garret, revenged himself at the end by gobbling like an alderman, shouting to titled ladies, "How much do you think we could earn if we worked as hard as we could for a week?" and monologising in full cry at table till Brewer Thrale was forced to interject "We have had enough lecture for the present, Doctor Johnson; let us dine now and resume our education afterwards." He loved women to pet and preach and domineer over. Feminine companionship was necessary to him, the more so after the death of that wife (whom he made jealous, though, "pretty dear, she had no cause") whose homely looks and tawdry garb he so touchingly loved and idealised. The silk stockings and white bosoms of Davy's actresses excited his amorous propensities, and he debarred himself from such allurements; but we hear of his plans for a seraglio, and of his idea of earthly happiness—driving briskly in a postchaise with a pretty woman. His dear angel, the witty and pretty Hetty, gentle Thrale, afforded him the sympathy and scope for tender schooling that his age demanded from fifty-six to seventy-three. He treated her with a certain brutality, though it must in candour be allowed that, as in the case of Levett, the brutality was of the manners, not of the mind.

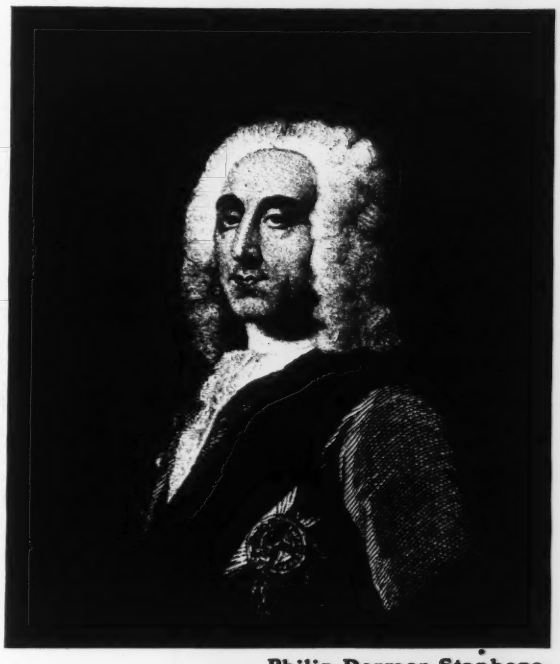


After the drawing by C. Stanfield, R.A.

The Thrales' summer-house at Streatham, 1773.

Such foibles, which might be multiplied, weigh not a pennyweight in our estimate of Johnson. They are dust on the balance. They show that he was a man of like passions with ourselves, who was not able, any more than the best of us, always to make precept square with practice. But he is still our counsellor and friend, whose strong sayings console us, whose brave words harden our souls against the flint. A great tenderness underlay that rugged exterior, impervious

alike to sentiment and to sham. In him, it is true, we shall contemplate no perfect warrior, no saintly hero, no demi-divinity. The foundation of his posthumous fame is not to be based (this is a point we have rather laboured) upon his pre-eminent goodness. The *intensity* of that posthumous life is the most interesting thing about Johnson. Of all Englishmen who commenced to live as much as two hundred years ago, he is indubitably at the present moment by far the most alive. For Johnson still lives and moves and has his being, and is alive with us to-day in this September, 1909. He has transmitted to us not merely his acts and deeds, his apt sayings and piercing thoughts, but the whole paraphernalia of personality, his private influence—himself. By what factors is this unique power of transmission conditioned? By what law did the little bird of immortality perch upon the crusted visage of that old lady of Amsterdam who still lives for us so completely in the canvas of Rembrandt in the National Gallery? What caprice of energy infused such enduring life into that wistful figure with the shears whose face haunts us as "Moroni's Tailor"? Will Johnson's immortality last as long as theirs? Will it, like theirs, extend to other nations, or will it be confined to the English tongue? The principle of Johnson's vitality has been explained, and again it has been explained away, and attributed to his biographers. But, however much we may explain, the larger part still remains incommunicable. Lord Rosebery lays down that the best part of Burns's life began with his death. Johnson's immortality began long before he died; it remains one of our most treasured possessions to-day,



Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield.

"When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author."—Boswell's "Johnson."

and there is every probability that it will outlast even Burns's. The persistence of a poet's fame has a large transcendental element. There is none of this about that sturdy positivist, Samuel Johnson. His "eternity" is based upon less ecstatic, more commonplace, and, dare we add, more durable elements. His is still the living celebrity of the man, rather than the lasting but paler influence of the mind. We feel it, not as an abstract influence, but as the direct impulse of a personality, just as we feel the inspiration of Chatham or Nelson. The tale of great men is soon told. Their number is limited in all ages. It is not indefinitely elastic. The commemorative instinct expands for a time; then comes a reaction, and a great killing-off of struldbrugs and drones, of exhausted reputations and characters that no longer count. And as at Madame Tussaud's exhibition, so in the greater exhibition of the world, the old wax is used to manufacture the new celebrities. Johnson's vast bulk has already displaced hundreds of pale ghosts. Chance is ever seeking to trip up Truth, in the distortion of which Common Fame employs a thousand diverters, detractors, hagiologers, valets and hero worshippers, confidantes and common liars. Unalloyed truth, indeed, is by no means an indispensable ingredient in the confection of a great legend. The haloes of the greatest men are, as a rule, extremely shadowy in the inside. The extraordinary thing about Johnson is the extent and accuracy of our knowledge about him. Where in the whole orb of the world's history shall we find a character to stand the test as well?

DR. JOHNSON'S LITERARY WORK.

By H. Spencer Scott.

"THE Lives of the Poets" is a classic, and of all Johnson's works is the least indebted for the estimation in which it is held to the personal interest in the author created by the great biography; but his other writings, admirable though they are in many ways, would lose much if we were not acquainted through the pages of Boswell with Johnson's life and character.

But if Johnson the writer owes much to Johnson the talker, the converse also holds true. In his writings we approach Johnson with no Boswell standing between us, and a reference to them will often enable us to distinguish between "Johnson when he talked for victory and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate." Some of Johnson's most notorious pro-

nouncements, thrown off in the heat of argument, will appear in their true light if we contrast them with his written criticisms.

All Johnson's works bear the mark of his personal predilections. Have we not in the great Dictionary—"the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure," to quote Macaulay—his characteristic definition of "pension" and "pensioner"? With Imlac in "Rasselas" Johnson would have said "human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed." When we read how Rasselas "passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves," we recognise that Johnson is describing himself. "Rasselas" has now few professed admirers—perhaps fewer readers. Yet it reached a fifth edition in less than three years and has been translated into at least ten languages. Boswell was not satisfied if a year passed without his having read it through, and his admiration was shared by the Master of Balliol of our time. "It is the Vanity of Human Wishes," Jowett said, "dedicated in a sort of prose poem or idyll: it is the Book of Ecclesiastes ringing the changes on the various conditions of human life, ending in a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. There is no verisimilitude in the characters, but there is verisimilitude in the thoughts: they are true to life and are always passing through our minds."

Drawn by H. Corbould; the room itself being from a sketch by J. Smith.

Dr. Johnson in his sitting-room at Bolt Court.

The *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler* are to most of us little more than names. Yet turning over the pages we light on many a noble passage, full of wisdom, drawn not from books but from life, while Johnson's insight into the human mind will often startle us with words revealing insistently sentiments hidden deep within our hearts.

To those who know the story of Johnson's life the *Rambler* especially is full of pathos. We recall how it was undertaken when he was "tugging at the oar" in the preparation of his great dictionary, and written with a mind distracted by anxiety on account of the failing health of his wife, whose death followed close on the last number. Little wonder that his conviction of the miseries of life is imprinted on its pages, and that his thoughts turned to his "one solid basis of happiness, the reasonable hope of a happy futurity."

The "essays professedly serious," he trusts, "will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity"; and in a Christmas Eve *Rambler* he wrote: "Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended: and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain."

Happily Johnson wrote the *Ramblers* according to no settled plan but in the strain which at the time came most naturally to his mind. His interest in the life around him was active and his common sense recognised "how much of human life passes in little incidents, cursory conversation, slight business and casual amusements." A paper "inculcating the more awful virtues" is succeeded by one discussing "those petty qualities which are every moment exerting their influence upon us and make the draught of life sweet or bitter by imperceptible installations."

The "harmless merriment" which at times breaks into "the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy" is somewhat artificial, though we may smile at the husband who "now and then after a supernumerary bottle broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty."

From a drawing by Dorothy Collins.

Johnson's Lodging at Hampstead, in 1748.

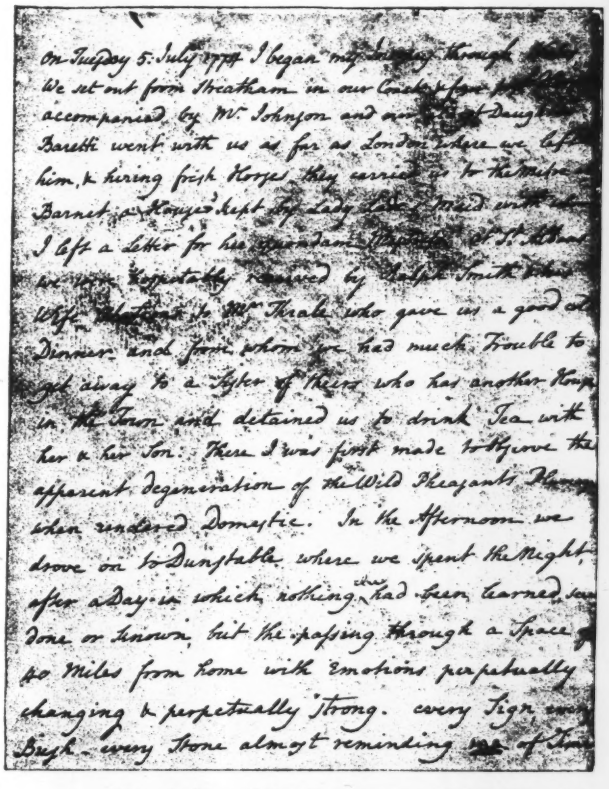
From Boswell's "Johnson." Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

For a realisation in his works of the Johnson described by Garrick "compared with whom Rabelais and all other wits are nothing," we must turn to the review in which Johnson shattered with relentless satire Soame Jenyns' fantastic explanation of the nature and origin of evil.

Johnson's "Shakespeare," neglected and depreciated by the romantic critics and commentators of the nineteenth century and pronounced by Macaulay to be one of the most slovenly and worthless editions of a great classic ever produced, is now estimated at its true worth.

The political pamphlets have found few admirers. They were written in defence of lost causes and in support of a ministry that has met with little mercy at the hands of historians. Yet Johnson wrote "his genuine opinions and imagined himself contending on the right side." The style is direct, the argument clear, and the sarcasm often keen. The charge of ingratitude brought against the Americans in "Taxation no Tyranny" has truth in it, and his counsel that such force should be employed as should take away not only the power but the hope of resistance had at least some advantage over the half measures of the Ministry, which were doomed to failure. Perhaps the most persuasive of his pamphlets is that on "The Falkland Islands," eloquent in its description of the miseries of war.

In the "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,"



Facsimile of the first page of Mrs. Thrale's Journal of the Welsh tour made by Dr. Johnson and the Thrales in 1774.

From "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley. (John Lane.)

Johnson has left an entertaining description of a state of society which was rapidly passing away. The book, to quote a contemporary letter from Edinburgh, "put the country into a flame," but a "Scotsman who does not love Scotland better than truth" will agree with Lord Macaulay's remark that Johnson only mingled "a little unpalatable truth with much eulogy." In his indifference to barren scenery Johnson resembled many men of poetic temperament of his time. It was the new system of life, not the wild scenes of nature, which excited his interest. That he had pleasure in nature at peace and in sunshine is shown by more than one passage written in simple language which succeeds better in raising a distinct image than many a description by the word-painters of later days.

"The way was very pleasant," he tells us; "on the left were high and steep rocks shaded with birch and covered with fern or heath, on the right the limpid waters of Loch Ness were beating their bank and waving their surface by a gentle undulation."

Johnson's last and greatest work, "The Lives of the Poets," was undertaken when he was almost seventy years of age. The scheme was the booksellers', not his: nor did he select, save in four instances, the poets of whom he wrote.

From the very first he was led far beyond his purpose, which was to have allotted to each poet "an advertisement containing a few dates and a general character." Johnson knew that his literary strength lay in biography. In earlier days he had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* short lives, to which justice has hardly been done, and his Life of Savage, incorporated into "The Lives of the Poets," though written many years earlier, had marked a new era in English biography. That he had thought much on the requirements of biography is shown by his admirable *Rambler* on the subject.

His knowledge of the literary history of England since the Restoration was unrivalled, and his retentive memory was stored with anecdotes and Grub Street traditions picked up in taverns and coffee-houses or in talk with men like Cibber who had listened to Dryden at Will's, or Savage, who had been befriended by Steele and by Pope. How much of Johnson's information must have come to him in this way any one who attempts to trace to their source the anecdotes related in "The Lives" will quickly discover.

Much of the book's charm arises from the spontaneity of its composition. Johnson did not write from a store of notes, he refused to search registers, nor would be verify his quotations, which are not always verbally accurate. He trusted to his memory and wrote, as he himself tells us, in his "usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and writing with vigour and haste." The poetical criticism is generally sound and always worthy of consideration, but, inheriting the traditions of Dryden and of Pope, who had in his judgment brought versification to perfection, he could not approach with an open mind poets like Collins and Gray, who struck into new paths. The book is less a criticism on poetry than on life. Some of the "poets" were, like Addison,

From an original painting taken in childhood.

Miss Lucy Porter (*b.* 1716, *d.* 1786).

From Boswell's "Johnson." Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

"Next morning he introduced me to Miss Lucy Porter, his step-daughter. She is now an old maid, with much simplicity of manner. . . . Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She reverenced him, and he had a paternal tenderness for her."—Boswell's "Johnson."

greater in prose than in verse, and a poet's character interested Johnson more than his versification.

From no book of his can we learn more of Johnson himself. In "The Lives," as in all his writings, he treats literature not as an end in itself, but as a means to teach "the art of living." His convictions and predilections influence his literary judgments, and in drawing a poet's character he often gives us touches of his own. The "colloquial ease" of its style, which has been contrasted with the balanced sentences of the *Rambler*, was probably as much due to the nature of the subject treated as to any change wrought in Johnson by a life of "pensioned leisure."

The hopes of his friends, that he would turn out "a fine tragedy-writer," were shattered by the failure of "Irene"; and Johnson's poetical reputation rests almost entirely on his two imitations of Juvenal. "London," praised by Gray as "one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original," was written when Johnson was still inspired by "that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world and always suffers to cool as he passes forward." We recall the night when Savage and Johnson "walked round St. James's Square for want of a lodging, inveighed against the minister and resolved they would stand by their country."

It has seemed to some conventional affectation that Johnson, the lover of Fleet Street, should denounce the corruption of towns and sing the praises of an innocent rural life, or that he who inserted in "The Traveller" the well-known lines:

> "How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure,"

should join "the patriots" in attacking Walpole's excise bill or lament "the silenced stage." But as he wrote in the *Rambler*, "the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from it." In so long a poem as "The Vanity of Human Wishes" it is not difficult to detect false rhymes and unpleasing assonance. Goldsmith once "mended" the first stanza of Gray's "Elegy" by leaving out an idle word in every line. In the same way the first couplet of the "Vanity" has been ridiculed. Yet several generations of readers have been troubled and comforted by these powerful lines full of "divine truisms," made living to Johnson through bitter experience: and they can fortify themselves against minute criticism by recalling the admiration in which Byron and Scott held the poem.

One poem is above all criticism. The lines on the death of his old friend Robert Levett go straight to the heart and "recall a whole history of Johnson's goodness, tenderness, and charity."

DR. JOHNSON'S ANCESTRY.

HIS INHERITANCE THROUGH HIS MOTHER.

By C. S. Sargisson.

IT is probably owing to Dr. Johnson's own disinclination to speak of his descent, as well as to his somewhat misleading utterances on the subject, that so little is generally known concerning his ancestry. He told his wife that he was "of mean extraction"—at least so Miss Seward says, though her sympathy with the Doctor was so little that it is advisable to discount her remarks concerning him. It is clear, however, that he was in the habit of speaking somewhat disparagingly of his family: he "took no delight in talking of them," and said, to Mrs. Piozzi, "there is little pleasure in relating anecdotes of beggary," and according to Boswell, he declared, "I have great merit in being zealous for subordination and the honours of birth; for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." All this was distinctly misleading in some important particulars, and there is small wonder that even Boswell was so little informed that, while giving a fairly correct account of his hero's father, he merely said concerning his mother that she was "a descendant of an ancient race of yeomanry in Warwick"—which, though true, is far from being the whole truth. Mrs. Piozzi, also, scarcely reached true understanding of the position of Johnson's grandfather. The most recent, and the best informed, writer on the subject justly says, "There is probably no great English man of letters whose ancestry has received such scant attention as Dr. Johnson's." The present writer quotes that remark, partly with a view to acknowledging his own great indebtedness to the author of it, but more in order to call attention to a work which is of the utmost value in this connection—but which, unfortunately, is not yet generally available. It is stated on the title-page that it was "Privately printed for the author," and it is not in circulation. It bears the title, "The Reades of Blackwood Hill," and, as the name implies, is a record of the genealogy and history of that family; but, in searching into the connections by marriage, etc., of the Reades the compiler found that the Fords, of Aston and other places, were connected with the family, through the Hickmans, and in following out his researches amassed a wealth of information concerning the maternal ancestry of Dr. Johnson which it is to be hoped will one day be given to the world in a separate volume. Some idea of the research involved and the enormous value of the material collected may be gained from the fact that the compilation of the genealogical tables of the Fords alone necessitated search into nearly fifteen hundred wills, conveyances, and other documents in registration courts, etc. Such a mass of reliable material is not to be lightly regarded; and the writer of this paper feels that it is not only a matter of just acknowledgment, but a duty which he owes to his readers to call attention to an invaluable contribution to the full clearing up of what has been obscure in relation to Dr. Johnson. An earlier acquaintance with this summary of all that is to be known on the subject would have saved one person, at any rate, a good deal of rather aimless digging in "Annals," "Anecdotes," etc.—ground which did not prove to be very rich in what was sought for. Once set on the right track, it was not difficult to find material for camera and pen which will be new to most, and, it is trusted, of some interest to all admirers of "the mountainous Doctor," as Nathaniel Hawthorne termed him.*

After the portrait by James Barry, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

As this paper deals with Dr. Johnson's inheritance through his mother, it is only necessary to say enough about the other side of the house to prevent the discussion from being altogether one-sided. When Samuel Johnson said that he scarcely knew who his grandfather was, and spoke of "mean extraction," he was most likely thinking of his father's side—though a visit to Cubley and some little research there would have revealed to him facts concerning his father's forbears of which there was no need to be ashamed. It was a humble family—and may have had "day-labourers" in it, as has been asserted; but it was industrious and honest, and the men were big and lusty, and (if Samuel Johnson's stories of his two uncles, the boxer and the leaper, are to be believed) of high athletic ability. From Michael

* Since the above was written Mr. Reade has announced for early publication a limited edition of Part I. of "Johnsonian Gleanings"—consisting principally of a reprint of articles from *Notes and Queries*. This will be invaluable to Johnson students.

From an old sketch.
Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Cottage at Cubley in wbich Michael Johnson was born.

Michael Johnson.
The father of Samuel Johnson.

Johnson the illustrious son inherited his frame and physique—and it is to be feared, his bodily disqualification, as well as the "vile melancholy" which he laments. From his father, too, came certain mental qualities and tendencies. It is not easy, indeed it is impossible, to strictly differentiate his inherited tendencies; but it is true, in a general sense, to say that Samuel Johnson's Toryism, his reverence for rank, his deference to authority, his ecclesiastical bias and political sentiments, came to him through his father, the high-churchman and almost Jacobite royalist. Perhaps, too, from him came the inaptitude for "affairs" which caused the Doctor to be in low water almost all his life; for his father, though industrious, and somewhat enterprising, in a couple of businesses (bookselling and "tanning"—parchment-making), was not successful in worldly affairs—as Samuel's patrimony, £20, will indicate. The sturdy common-sense which is so markedly manifest in the Doctor (albeit counteracted by unreasonable prejudice and passionate disturbance of judgment) was also an inheritance from the Johnsons. As to his mental qualities, it is doubtful if his indebtedness to his father for these was excessive; for, though Michael Johnson may have been a fair Latinist, as Boswell declares, he was not of great education, and his English was decidedly shaky. If he really wrote the notorious lines on "Good master duck" which he attributed to his precocious son, either his literary taste was not of a high order or he was exceedingly clever in disguising it, to simulate the style of a four-year-old; and the only other sample of his composition extant, "The Defendant's Case," written when legal proceedings were instituted by the Excise authorities in connection with his parchment-making business, warrants the criticism passed upon it by Mr. Reade (who gives it in full): "It is difficult to believe, after reading this draft of his defence, that he possessed very much culture or scholarship. The document suggests that Michael Johnson was ready with his pen, even if he were not over zealous as to the niceties of grammar and orthography."

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

"The Haunch," King's Norton.
The house in which Sarah Ford, Dr. Johnson's mother, was born.

It may, indeed, be said that Samuel Johnson's mother was less educated than her husband; and it is to be feared that her interests were not wide nor her general intelligence of a high order. Her son has testified that she was no reader. There are indications, too, that she was neither broad-minded nor patient in regard to her husband's business affairs, and that she was inclined to complain and bicker; also that she shared the narrow tastes and views of a circumscribed provincial society. The small economies forced on her irritated her, and she scarcely appears to advantage. Perhaps she is not seen at her best in the records; certainly the

From an original drawing by T. Trotter, formerly in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Farmer.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

high estimation in which she was held by her son (due allowance being made for sentiment—of which Samuel had a full share) seems to indicate qualities in excess of those to which prominence is given in the various references to her by Boswell and others. At any rate, she was of kindly disposition; and there are few stories more touching than that of the oppressive neighbour who desired to take from widow Johnson a piece of ground, and who sought in vain for an attorney who would undertake to conduct a case against a woman so highly esteemed for her kindness, and held in such affection by her neighbours. Touching, also, if a little diverting, is the tale of her visits to her infant when he was "out at nurse" and her transparent subterfuges for the making of "surprise" visits, to assure herself that he was being properly attended to. Her moral qualities were excellent, and her religion — though her views were tinged with gloominess—was undoubtedly sincere.

It is, however, with the inheritance of Samuel Johnson through his mother rather than from her direct and alone, that this article is concerned. If not broad or deep herself, she came of an intellectually strong race. There is neither room nor need now to enter into the history, socially and otherwise, of her family. Any reader who desires to do that, even to the uttermost item, will find light in abundance in Mr. Reade's exhaustive quarto volume. For the present it must be regarded as enough to say that Boswell's "ancient race of yeomanry"—while indicating as honourable a descent as can be imagined—is an understatement. That is to say, Sarah Ford's father was a yeoman, as were many others of the family, but of a substantial type. The various wills, deeds of gift, and other documents show that many of the Fords were of considerable substance. It is true that Cornelius Ford, father of Sarah, and grandfather of Samuel Johnson, seems to have had only one section of his former estate left to will at the time of his death, but he must have been of considerable importance (and is known to have possessed at one time considerable landed estate) to have been styled "gentleman" in his will and elsewhere. But it is not so much of "inheritance" in the debased and material sense of the word that one is thinking now as of nobler inheritance—and, in truth, little of anything else came Samuel Johnson's way. Probably the Fords had grown poorer when Johnson declared that only one of his relatives had ever attained to a sufficiency. Sarah Ford's marriage settlement shows that they were fairly well-to-do at the time of her wedding; and it is certain that, in position, her father had been something more than the "little Warwickshire gent" which Dr. Brocklesby implied Johnson said he was.

Intellectually, the Fords had a good record. Proof of that is to be found in the career of the rather famous member of Clifford's Inn, Henry Ford, who was a lawyer of high repute in Birmingham: and even more markedly in the reputation of Dr. Joseph Ford, another brother of Cornelius, "a physician of great eminence," as Sir John Hawkins declared of him, who practised at Stourbridge. A curious epitaph on Dr. Ford was written by his son, and when all allowance is made for filial bias and the charitable licence of epitaphs, it was high praise to declare that "Under this stone, beside the

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Packwood Church, where Michael Johnson and Sarah Ford were married in 1706.

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Door of Light Farm.
The house in which Sarah Ford resided.

body of the illustrious physician, are buried the hopes, the prayers, the delights, the weal of the countryside." It was with this uncle of his mother that Samuel Johnson probably resided part of the time that he was at school at Stourbridge—where he "learned much from the master, but little in the school." It was at his great-uncle's also that he afterwards "dropped into poetry," not exactly "as a friend," but rather more, writing one of his earlier poems, in the shape of a sonnet, to

"Bright Stella, form'd for universal reign":

but then, Samuel Johnson in his young days was uncommonly susceptible.

The most brilliant relative of Samuel Johnson on his mother's side was Cornelius, the son of the above Dr. Joseph Ford. There is reason to believe that, during his school life and at other times, Samuel spent a good deal of his leisure at the house of his mother's cousin at Pedmore. This cousin-german of Johnson was afterwards known as the notorious "Parson Ford." In his University days Cornelius Ford was brilliant, and afterwards attained great reputation as a scholar and wit. He became chaplain to the noted Earl of Chesterfield—and received from him on one occasion a caustic, and too well deserved, snub concerning his vices—for, unhappily, he was as profligate as he was talented. The Earl, however, got it back, with interest, from a member of the family when Johnson wrote to him the famous letter on the publication of his Dictionary. There is no doubt that the youthful pupil was much interested in his brilliant cousin, and that he much admired his intellectual powers. It is more than a little amusing, in view of the Doctor's reputation as a somewhat overbearing conversationalist, to note a piece of advice given to him by the observant Cornelius in his young days: "You will make your way more easily in the world if you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversational excellence." One wonders if there were even then foreshadowings of that thunderous and defiant prefatory "Sir" with which the readers of Boswell are so familiar. It is said that "Parson Ford" died in a pot-house: but there is no doubt that he exercised considerable influence over his afterwards famous relative. He is mentioned here mainly with a view to showing the intellectual quality of some of the Fords.

There is not space in which to even hint at the positions, characters, and dispositions of other members of the family; but the discerning searcher into the records will not fail to notice family qualities which come out more or less markedly in Samuel Johnson. The double inheritance from father and mother, or rather, through them, explains much that otherwise would be inexplicable in Dr. Johnson's sayings and doings. Every one is more or less of a "mixture," and no doubt hereditary outcroppings and throwings-back really account for a

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The spot in Uttoxeter Market-Place where Dr. Johnson "did penance."

"'Once, indeed,' said he, 'I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father in Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory.'"—Boswell's "Johnson."

From the bust by Nollekens. **Johnson in 1777.**

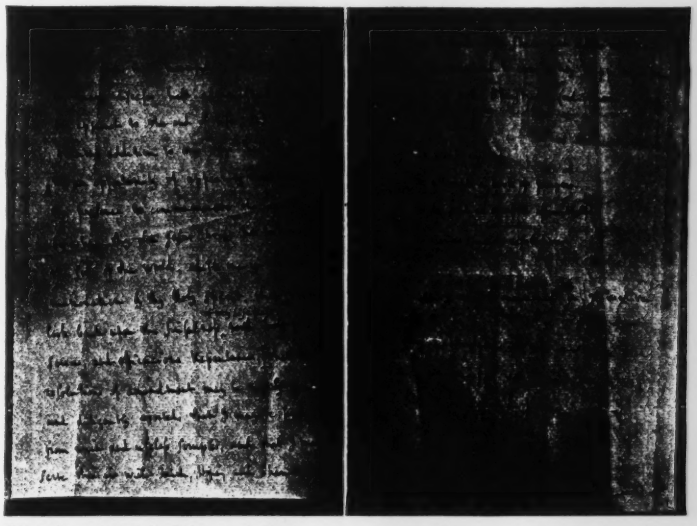


Photo from the original (by permission) by C. S. Sargisson. **Dr. Johnson's last birthday prayer and resolution.**

great deal that is mysterious in a man, even to his most intimate friends. He who reads between the lines of his "Boswell" and other records which show what Johnson was—or seemed to be—will be struck with the frequent outcome of this semi-contradictory double inheritance. An almost overweening regard for authority appears side by side with disregard of the same (not in his wilder doings at Oxford only). His high ecclesiastical views coupled with his plain evangelical leanings, again, startle one who does not know his ancestry. Every one will remember how his mother taught him of hell in bed, and how she took herself to task for not having impressed the terrible doctrine on his mind earlier. All know, too, his crude and terrifying ideas of death, of which he went in fear all his days. How are these and other things to be accounted for? There is surely light on one side of this in the will of his grandfather, if the writer is not much mistaken. In that will Cornelius Ford leaves his books to various relatives, and the list of volumes is a revelation of the man. The "Latine Bible" speaks of some amount of scholarship at least; the "Great Bible" in addition (which he had aforetime given to his wife) indicates regard for the "Word"; while "Baxter's Rest," "Allen's Treatise on Conversion" (probably Joseph Alleine's "Alarm"), "Pool's Annotacions," Hall's Works and Commentary and the rest, unmistakably show the bent of the testator's mind and the colour of his theology. It is impossible not to call to mind Dr. Johnson's remarks concerning some of these very books long afterwards (as to Baxter's books, "Read any of them; they are all good," for instance). One remembers, also, the influence on him religiously of Law and others at Oxford and in following years. All this "tendency" was not inherited from his high-church father, but from the other side of the family. What came to him from both sides of the house went to make up the composite Dr. Johnson, of diverse and apparently contradictory convictions and sentiments.

From an engraving by R. Clamp, after a picture by J. Roberts. **Sir John Hawkins.**

From Boswell's "Johnson." Bicentenary Edition. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Hawkins (*b.* 1719, *d.* 1789), one of the executors of Johnson, whose will he drew up, was one of Johnson's old friends—a member of the Club at the King's Head, Ivy Lane, and one of the original members of the Literary Club. He wrote Johnson's life (1787) before Boswell could issue his.

One of the most instructive pilgrimages ever undertaken by the writer was made recently to Sarah Ford's old home. At King's Norton the present "Haunch" can scarcely be the very house in which she was born (though one comes to be very careful in estimating the possible age of a red-brick structure), but the farm buildings seem to be old enough to date back to the year of her birth, 1669. She was married at Packwood church in 1706, and resided for some time in the parish before marriage. There are reasons to believe that she and her father lived at the "Light Farm" with Samuel Ford, her brother. A deed of sale shows that the "Light Farm" was in the occupation of Samuel Ford in 1717. Mr. Reade says that a gentleman who was much interested in Johnson's ancestry told him that he had seen the house at Packwood, but that it appeared to be not more than eighty years or so old. That was the writer's opinion also when he first glimpsed it, but (bearing in mind the aforesaid deceptive appearance of brick structures) a closer investigation was made, leading to the exciting and delightful discovery that the house bears the date 1690, and the initial of the "Featherstone" (with, probably, those of himself and wife below) who was then owner of the estate, and who sold it in 1717. The present owner of the house, by whose courtesy the photographs were taken, told the photographer that, when altering the house by the addition of bay-windows, etc., some fifteen years ago, the walls and roof were so sound that they needed little or no repair. Considerable experience has shown, not in this case only, the superior lastingness of brick.

Dr. Johnson.
As painted by Reynolds before 1770.

Samuel Johnson could not have been as ignorant of his ancestry as some of his utterances might lead one to suppose; at any rate his assumed ignorance scarcely accords with "the ancient family of Ford" in the epitaph which he wrote on his mother. For his mother herself he had a great affection; though it is rather difficult to reconcile this with his seeming neglect in failing to visit her in her last days—and one is led into musings as to how far a man may confound a real love with the love of the sentiment thereof. His letters to her are beautiful—"You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world," he said. His alarm on receipt of a black-sealed letter from Lucy Porter, lest it should bear tidings of his mother's death, speaks well for the genuineness of his regard. Possibly there is some little consciousness of neglect in his writing, "If she were to live again surely I should behave better to her." It is gratifying and touching to know that he wrote "Rasselas" to defray the cost of her funeral—and that he never read it afterwards may possibly be tenderly suggestive. To every true mother a son owes much. That was true of Samuel Johnson; and, in the matters of intellectual force, moral qualities, and counterbalancing breadth and freedom, he owed even more to the stock from which she sprang.

THE WHITE PROPHET.*

By Dr. William Barry.

I READ these two handsome pocket volumes as I was coming along the right bank of the Rhine, through a country of old romance; and the castles, hills, villages by which the great river flowed might have furnished a glorious background to any novel, however aspiring. Mr. Caine is sure of an audience, sure of admirers; his book will sell by the hundred thousand; what need is there to review or even to advertise it? The many who find in his violent style and "crude melodrama" that excitement they long after will certainly not be deterred from a pleasure such as "The White Prophet" gives by criticism, though it should appeal to every classic reposing on its shelves. For this kind does not want repose, or restraint, or measure, but to be carried at a headlong pace from incident to incident, to enjoy a thrill, and to have its vague ideals preached to it while seated in an easy chair. Mr. Caine yields of his abundance to a company like-minded with himself. "The White Prophet" in repeated editions, and perhaps in a dramatised version on the stage, may laugh at critics. But the question is, for how long?

My pleasant Rhenish prospect had one advantage: it was foreign both to England, the market of fame, and to Egypt, the chosen ground of Mr. Caine's enterprise. Therefore it gave me a distance. Before opening the story I had heard of its plan, which promised well. The meeting of East and West in a struggle for perfection, the contrast between unchanging Islam and our militant "progress," with golden Cairo as a theatre for all this,—what could be grander? No doubt for description the brush of Flaubert, of Théophile Gautier, would be desirable; and who, since Richard Burton died, was capable of laying bare to us Westerns the soul of Islam? But an Englishman would at least know the motives and be deep in the character of his own countrymen, who were repeating on the banks of the Nile that astonishing miracle of drawing law, order, and prosperity out of chaos, which was the justification of their Indian Empire. Throw in as much crude melodrama as he pleased, the author could surely not fail to paint us a Round Table of heroic figures, instinct with Christian chivalry, fit successors in Egypt and the Soudan of the Lawrences, Havelocks, Ripons, nourished on the principles by which *they* lived and wrought. An English writer of genius could not fail in his Englishmen, whatever might happen to his Mohammedans.

Could he not? I opened the book, and read with amazement about the inflexible Lord Nuneham—a painted tyrant, loud as Herod of Jewry, all foam and rage, so hysterical that he must needs talk thunderbolts before he has launched them. Is he a reminiscence of Lord Ellenborough, whose proclamations were justly

* "The White Prophet." By Hall Caine. 2 vols. 4s. net. (Heinemann.)

satirised by Macaulay as "carmagnoles"? But why translate that eccentric Governor-General to the land of the Pyramids? In fact he was an exception; and in the story he becomes glaringly improbable. Lord Cromer may perhaps glance at "The White Prophet"; one would like to hear his comments on the mouthing and gesticulating successor whom Mr. Hall Caine has bestowed on him. It is the duty of a caricature (I think the French would say) to resemble the original whose features it exaggerates. Now this Consul-General would make an excellent Russian, or even a good colonial German, but of the British ruler over Easterns he has scarcely a trait. His first principle is to take no account whatever of the religious temperament which he admits to be among Orientals the source of their enthusiasm and the only philosophy they have learnt. He is never strong, but always in a frenzy. Some years ago, in remarking on Mr. Caine's earlier novels (so far beyond anything he has done since he became the fashion), I observed that his characters have much about them of the vast and shadowy which were dear to Victor Hugo. Well, Lord Nuneham is exactly the sort of Englishman in high place that Hugo would have drawn. He is grandiose, weak, and impossible.

But what of his son? What of Gordon Lord, the soldier-lover, the Cairene-born half Mussulman, who unites in himself all the splendid qualities, according to Mr. Caine, that a ruler of the East should possess? You know the outline of his adventures, good reader; I take nothing from your interest in the book by reminding you that he was charged by his father and the passionate old General Graves to commit an outrage upon the native religion and forcibly to shut up the mosque of El Azhar. That he refused to do so; whereupon the General tore his decorations off the young Colonel's coat and broke the Colonel's sword across his knee. These things are not done in the British Army; but they cast over the hero a melancholy gleam *à la Dreyfus*, and if we cannot believe them, what then? Victor Hugo would have applauded and believed. The story being made on a symmetrical design, it is obvious that General Graves had a daughter who was previously engaged to Gordon; it would also be advisable that Gordon should seem to have killed General Graves, although he merely shook him in self-defence; and no proper entanglement could be effected unless Ishmael Ameer, the White Prophet, had sought an interview with the General under such circumstances as would direct the young lady's suspicions on him, already detested by her as the occasion of Gordon's misfortunes. Thus the whole situation, or gambit as we say at chess, becomes clear at a glance. Our Prophet is to be the incarnation of the soul of a people and to lift his religion out of the depths into which institutions like polygamy and slavery have brought it. Our Gordon is to meet him more than half way, "with love and kindness," according to the gracious Oriental formula. And our heroine, the partly Jewish Helena—did this too mean something symbolical?—was to unite them after the perplexities, misunderstandings, and all but deadly catastrophes demanded by a novel whose ulterior purpose was the stage. How great is the goddess Convention! how few are the varieties of plot! But so the pieces were made to fit together, resulting in one central theme—the condemnation to death of his only son by a Brutus-like Consul-General. Only the groundlings will insist on a happy ending, for they cannot abide real tragedy in a work of amusement.

Had the author's achievement equalled his courage, what a book would this have turned out to be! The test I offer is that final, unfinished, but most moving of Stevenson's great things, "Weir of Hermiston." There we see a father and son at death-grips—to use Carlyle's word—but real with an intensity of life, of feeling; most tragic, in the mingled pathos of love and death. Here? I declare it would be cruel to follow up the comparison. Gordon is very well in his boyish, lively fashion; he is actually amusing; but do not tell us that he saw into the mind of the Sphinx, or the nature of Islam, or could solve the Eastern enigma. He, too, lives in an all-pervading atmosphere of sentiment and hysteria. Yet when he writes, at a lover's length, to Miss Helena Graves we detect a vein of simple pleasant humour which leads us to fancy that if Mr. Caine chose he could depict a natural man, without affectation or biblical texts, or the heroics of Drury Lane.

Concerning Miss Helena herself, we have said all when we refer to Glory Quayle, whose avatar she is, or second birth in Red Sea latitudes. Her Jewish descent may be supposed to qualify the lady for acting towards poor Ishmael Ameer as a Judith, who betrays the Prophet calmly, but runs the risk of being strangled when she is found out. Passion quite unrestrained drives her down to Khartoum and back to Cairo; it is her gadfly to which she willingly submits. When the time arrives for pointing a moral, of course she does that also, with the amiable facility of heroines in fiction. If Balzac had invented Helena, he would have plunged her into real crime but left out the moral. Our conventions require that she should merely play at being wicked; and though married to one man, in love with another, and divorced by the first that she may wed the second, she becomes a British matron all in good time, presumably without a stain on her character. She did not even kill Holofernes, who behaved towards both young people with entire consideration.

Holofernes was the black, or not so black, Ishmael Ameer who gives its title to the story. With a singular want of good taste, to call it by no worse a name, comparisons are drawn in pointed terms between this pale shadow of the Mahdi and the Founder of the Christian religion. There is no great daring in such talk at this time, but as a *truc* or machinery to create sensation it is unworthy of the artist whom Mr. Caine would like us to admire in him. Ishmael, as a Mohammedan prophet, I fear must be pronounced a failure. He quotes the Bible ten times for once that he quotes the Koran. He has no characteristics of a dervish except those which any tourist may see, and stands for nothing that has ever counted among orthodox Moslems. If he knew what he was aiming at he would be a Sufi; but how little does he dream of the truly spiritual world which men like Jelal el Rumi beheld in vision! The whole manufactured being is but a phantom cast upon the turbid waters of the Nile by what some have called their New Theology. Arab reformers or impostors are moulded on another type. Ishmael says much that we have all heard and does less than the Mahdi, for he neither fights nor gets killed. He is not a martyr for Islam, but only an accommodating hollow figure from whose lips Mr. Caine preaches, with British eloquence, about the millennium.

So it is. When, however, "The White Prophet" is translated into Arabic and purchasable in Cairo, the consequences may be serious. Why any lover of England should endeavour to spread among cultivated

Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **Boswell's Statue, Lichfield.**

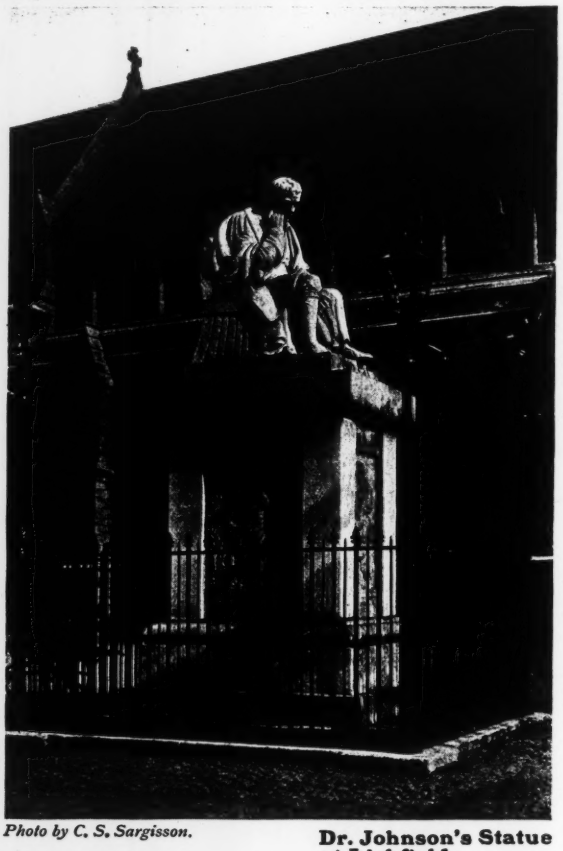


Photo by C. S. Sargisson. **Dr. Johnson's Statue at Lichfield.**

Outside the church in which he was baptized.

Egyptians a hatred of the English name and character by descriptions which we must accurately term fiction, it is hard to understand. Is the general tenor of our government in the land so hostile to its religion, so unlike our Indian policy, as Mr. Caine affirms? He has written a violent party-pamphlet; a novel of sensation; with vigour indeed but without distinction; a special correspondent's account of imaginary and impossible events; but, alas, not the great reconciling romance of East and West, in which the civilised ruler should establish righteousness between man and man, while the true Prophet showed them their Father in Heaven.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the most humorous passage from English literature characterising our English weather.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS for AUGUST.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM STIRLING, of Camp Cottage, Comrie, Perthshire, for the following:

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."—BEN JONSON.

Among the best of the many others sent in are:

THE FORBIDDEN THEATRE. BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

"Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'Oh naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'"
The Baby's Debut: Rejected Addresses.

(Miss L. Collett, Hospital Road, Bury St. Edmunds, and Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)

From a painting by James E. Doyle.

Boswell. Johnson. Reynolds. Garrick. Burke. General Paoli. Chas. Burney. T. Warton. Goldsmith.

Dr. Johnson dining at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.

After the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

Dr. Johnson rescuing Goldsmith from his landlady.

CONCERNING HIMSELF. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

"The loud, loquacious, vulgar egotist,
Whose I's and Me's are scattered in his talk
Thick as the pebbles on a gravel walk."—JANE TAYLOR.

(Mildred Emerson, The Bank, Barnard Castle.)

HOME NURSING. By ISABEL MACDONALD.

"Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes:
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Miss Bennett, Thurston, Hadley Common, New Barnet.)

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH CIVIL. By REV. E. J. HARDY.

"'Tis as easy as lying.—*Hamlet.*

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best expression of patriotism from English literature is awarded to MISS M. PORTER, The Diamond, Raphoe, Ireland:

"With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death."
SHAKESPEARE, Brutus in *Julius Cæsar.*

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to D. L. MURRAY, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex, for the following:

THE NECROMANCERS. By R. H. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

In "The Necromancers" Father Benson has written a novel around the practices of modern spiritualism, his attitude towards them being naturally the hostile one prescribed by Church tradition. The book tells how a highly-strung young man, Laurie Baxter, seeking reunion with a dead girl he had loved, emerged from a séance in a condition suggesting diabolical possession, and how the Catholic Maggie Devonnais, his adopted sister, restored him by her powerful will and her faith. The ghostly mysteries of the medium's cabinet are weirdly related, and the characters, especially Mr. Vincent the high priest of occultism, are clever sketches.

Among the best of the other reviews sent in are:

THE SCORE. By LUCAS MALET. (Murray.)

Two powerful character-sketches by a masterly hand form the sum and substance of the above work. Intimate knowledge of human nature and consummate skill in the handling of the same are displayed in these stories, which will undoubtedly meet with a varied reception from their readers. It is not given to all to "touch the depths" or "reach the heights," but to all is it given to feel for and sympathise with human beings in their soul's agony, and to be the better for witnessing that Gethsemane the outcome of which is a mighty triumph.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Grant Richards.)

"Multitude and Solitude" triumphs over the fact that it is a novel with a purpose. The first half of the book is interesting, although somewhat crowded with incident, while the remainder is a rather monotonous dissertation concerning sleeping sickness. It requires an imaginative effort to suppose that a purely artistic temperament, such as that of the hero, Roger Naldrett, a writer of plays of the "advanced" school, could suddenly, owing to the death of the shadowy Ottalie, abandon its natural interests for those of science, "the real religion," but although unequal, the book is well worth reading.

(Miss G. C. Westbrook, 1, Thornsett Road, Anerley, S.E.)

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD? By MARK TWAIN. (Harpers.)

This book is a very able treatise on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The writer of it contends that the author of "Shakespeare's" works must have been a lawyer, and proceeds to prove that the Stratford Shakespeare was not. He builds up a strong case in favour of the Baconian authorship, drawing some forcible arguments from his personal experience. A careful perusal of Mark Twain's latest effort will tend to shake the faith of the rabid Shakespearean (who comes in for a great deal of satirically humorous criticism) and considerably strengthen that of the Baconian.

(John Hood, 14, Northfield Avenue, Ayr.)

We select for special commendation the reviews received from Halbert McGowan (Blairgowrie), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), Miss A. Cameron (Blackheath), Mrs. Florence Byng (Ryde, I.W.), Chas. Smith (Bootle), Bertha Silkstone (Pontypridd), Miss M. Church (Bowdon), Mrs. Rose Soley (London, S.W.), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Kathleen Klingender (Iver, Bucks), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Mattie K. A. Nesbit (Upper Norwood), Emily Shore (Worthing), A. M. Sinclair (Lisburn), and B. O. Anderson (Scarborough.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to ISAAC JACKSON, 37, Cavendish Road, Stretford, Manchester.

New Books.

CHESTERTON ON SHAW.*

In an interesting monograph that has recently achieved the distinction of a cheap reissue, Mr. Holbrook Jackson says that Bernard Shaw is "nothing if not explanatory." He has explained mankind in his plays, and his plays in his prefaces; he has frequently, in speech and in print, explained himself—and his explanations. But of late he would seem to have retired from that business; he has climbed into his shrine and left his disciples to go on explaining him and his works to their own satisfaction. And now comes Mr. Chesterton, who is by no means one of his disciples, and places Mr. Shaw under his microscope and exhibits, dissects, and explains him more minutely, more subtly, more brilliantly than he has ever been explained before, even by himself.

"Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him," writes Mr. Chesterton. "I am the only person who understands him, and I disagree with him." That is all right, but Mr. Chesterton does not stop there; he goes on to disagree with himself. He undoubtedly illuminates much that is dark in Mr. Shaw's composition, and does it with an incisiveness, a dashing ingenuity, and epigrammatic humour that lay bare, as by vivid lightning-flashes, the inner and unsuspected significance of many of Shaw's most baffling idiosyncrasies. But Mr. Shaw's is an elusive personality; he is made up of such contradictory

* "George Bernard Shaw." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

elements that Mr. Chesterton frequently contradicts himself in trying to portray him. As thus:

On page 19 he repeats and seems emphatically to endorse Mr. Shaw's assertion, 'I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire.' But on page 34 he declares that "Bernard Shaw is not merely an Irishman; he is not even a typical one." Further:

Page 19 [referring to Mr. Shaw's "I am a typical Irishman" remark]: "It is in fact a bull, a conscious bull. A bull is only a paradox which people are too stupid to understand." [On page 20 he says each of Shaw's paradoxes is a truth—"an argument impatiently shortened into an epigram."] Page 125: "A paradoxical writer like Bernard Shaw is perpetually and tiresomely told that he stands on his head."

Page 179: "Now if by paradox we mean truth inherent in a contradiction, it is a very curious fact that Bernard Shaw is almost entirely without paradox. Moreover, he cannot even understand paradox."

Page 30: "The Irish mind distinguishes between life and literature. Mr. Bernard Shaw himself summed this up as he sums up so many things in a compact sentence which he uttered in conversation with the present writer, 'An Irishman has two eyes.' He meant that with one eye an Irishman saw that a dream was inspiring, bewitching, or sublime, and with the other eye that after all it was a dream." [He clearly suggests that to this extent also you see the Irishman in Bernard Shaw.]

Page 95: "He had his own kind of affectations, no doubt, and his own kind of tricks of debate; but he broke, and, thank God, for ever, the spell of the little man with the single eyeglass who had frozen both faith and fun at so many tea-tables. Shaw's humane voice and hearty manner were so obviously more the things of a great man than the hard, gem-like brilliancy of Wilde or the careful ill-temper of Whistler. He brought in a breezier sort of insolence; the single eyeglass fled before the single eye."

Page 90: "It appears a point of some mystery to the present writer that Bernard Shaw should have been so long unrecognised and almost in beggary. I should have thought his talent was of the ringing and arresting sort; such as even editors and publishers would have sense enough to seize."

Page 96: "He began by writing novels. They are not much read, and indeed not imperatively worth reading."

Doubtless, by a little expert conjuring, such opposed opinions could be brought together harmoniously under the same hat, but they do rather suggest, meanwhile, that perhaps Mr. Chesterton is not quite so lonely as he feels. Nevertheless, if he is *not* the only man who understands Mr. Shaw, no one has come nearer to understanding him. His three chapters on influences that went to the moulding of Shaw spiritually and mentally are masterly in their analytical cunning and insight. He traces first the effect of the Irish strain in him, then of the even more potent Puritan strain, then of the yeasty democratic, socialistic movement into which he flung himself whole-heartedly during the 'eighties and 'nineties. He lays stress upon Shaw's cold intellectuality, his lack of sentiment, the severely and shatteringly logical cast of his mind, but more than all else, on that fierce, inherent Puritanism. Shaw draws from his nationality, he says, "a kind of intellectual chastity, and the fighting spirit. He is so much of an idealist about his ideals that he can be a ruthless realist in his methods." He combines Swift's "extravagant fancy with a curious sort of coldness," but he is most like Swift in his tendency to "benevolent bullying, a pity touched with contempt, and a habit of knocking men down for their own good." He is never frivolous, never "gives his opinions a holiday." He is "not a humorist, but a great wit, almost as great as Voltaire. Humour is akin to agnosticism, which is only the negative side of mysticism. But pure wit is akin to Puritanism, to the perfect and painful consciousness of the final fact of the universe. Bernard Shaw exhibits all that is purest in the Puritan; the desire to see truth face to face even if it slay us; the high impatience with irrelevant sentiment or obstructive symbol; the constant effort to keep the soul at its highest pressure and speed. His instincts upon all social customs and questions are Puritan. His favourite author is Bunyan." Touching on the doings of the Censor, Mr. Chesterton says: "To represent Shaw as profane or provocatively indecent is not matter for discussion at all; it is a disgusting criminal libel upon a particularly respectable gentleman of the middle classes, of refined tastes and somewhat Puritanical views."

You may think this is overdoing it, but you will find that Mr. Chesterton brings argument enough from Mr. Shaw's life and habits, writings and philosophy, to justify his view of him at least as the essential Puritan. He gives him particular praise because he is intelligent as well as intelligible; he has, he says, "popularised philosophy . . . he has improved philosophic discussions by making them more popular. But he has also improved popular amusements by making them more philosophic." Lastly, "he has obliterated the mere cynic. He has been so much more cynical than any one else for the public good that no one else has dared since to be really cynical for anything smaller. . . . The years from 1885 to 1898 were like the hours of afternoon in a rich house with large rooms; the hours before tea-time. They believed in nothing except good manners; and the essence of good manners is to conceal a yawn. A yawn may be defined as a silent yell. The power which the young pessimist of that time showed in this direction would have astonished any one but him. He yawned so wide as to swallow the world. He swallowed the world like an unpleasant pill before retiring to an eternal rest. Now the last and best glory of Shaw is that in the circles where this creature was found, he is not. He has not been killed (I don't know exactly why), but he has actually turned into a Shaw idealist. This is no exaggeration. I meet men who, when I knew them in 1898, were just a little too lazy to destroy the universe. They are now conscious of not being quite worthy to abolish some prison regulations."

But surely young men naturally outgrew similar complacencies and developed on similar lines before Mr. Shaw was ever born to transform them. Again and again you find Mr. Chesterton thus begging the question. ("The Puritan is only strong enough to stiffen; the Catholic is strong enough to relax." But most of us, even Weary Willie and the heathen Chinee, are that strong.) Again and again he leaps joyously into some glistening, amusingly daring epigrammatic extravagance, and you wonder whether he is in earnest, or whether he is simply saying a smart thing because it is smart. You can sometimes hear him chuckling between the lines, and have a suspicion that he is genially pulling your leg, or your nose, but it is all done with such an amazing cleverness that you go on reading, immensely interested and immensely entertained; the book is crammed with good things, and contains much that is finely suggestive, and far-seeing and true. There have been few other books this year that you could read with such complete enjoyment, and when you come to the end, if you are not confident that you now thoroughly understand Shaw, you are so far from being dissatisfied that you only hope it may pique Shaw into writing a companion volume for the purpose of helping us to understand Chesterton.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THREE COUNTRY BOOKS.*

Mr. J. H. Crawford has already written more than one good country book. He is chiefly an observer, but he has also feeling and character which he is able to interpret to some extent in words, that is to say he has some sense of style. Not every one will find it a pleasant style. It is made up of short, breathless sentences, sometimes without a verb; and the form would occasionally be better suited to invective than description. It is consistent and unavoidable, we dare say, and therefore right, and there may be thousands of temperaments which will not

* "Nature." By J. H. Crawford. Illustrated. 5s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)—"In Wind and Wild." By Eric Parker. 5s. net. (Pitman.)—"The Scaly-winged. A Book on Butterflies and Moths for Beginners." By R. B. Henderson, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

Nature in the Old Library.

From "Nature," by J. H. Crawford. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

be disturbed by it, but it disturbs us. It is more marked than ever in this new book, but it is almost always overpowered by the freshness of the material and the feeling which he gets, as it seems to us, in spite of that style. He begins with three chapters on "The Renaissance of Nature" during the last thirty years in books, the Press, and schools, of which he takes a cheerful view, as becomes one who took part in it. He goes on to a score of descriptions and reflections, some mainly informing, though never without a sense of form, others richer in feeling and of the kind which Kingsley and Mr. F. A. Knight called idylls of the field, though they contain no dialogue or tale. His field is a wide one, and embraces sea and seashore and moorland, hill and cultivated land, and the streets of town, but he is chiefly concerned with birds. He is interesting in a variety of ways which cannot even be indicated here, but one of the most deeply effective chapters is certainly that called "Matin and Vesper," and dealing with the spirit of birds' songs. We will risk quoting a short passage about the birds in a shadowy winter lane:

"I sometimes wonder how much these lane-haunters know. It were hasty to say that they are of appetite all compact. There is some margin which makes winter life a little more complex and delightful. In their dim way they may care for the dim lane; otherwise they would not spend the winter there, rather than in some other place. The dark opening which the falling stone has revealed may have few suggestions of mystery. Neither has it any to the passing clown. Between the two the vanishing wren may feel the most. In the interlaced shade of the brake, the dusky warbler has a sense of security: perhaps also of the ghostliness of the galleries, in which it meets other dusky birds."

This is the work of a critical rather than a purely poetic mind, but it is nevertheless on the way to being magical and suggests the magic of nature effectively.

Mr. Eric Parker is a writer of the same class, a little more conscious of his audience, a little more sophisticated and less individual. But he is an observer, he is well informed, he has a variety of interests and a neat and well-managed if not inspired pen. Most of his thirty-three papers have appeared in the *Spectator*, two in the *Field*, and one is new. He gives most attention to trees, flowers, and birds, and his attitude is now that of a naturalist, now of a sportsman, and again of a lover of the picturesque. He is more the man of letters than the countryman, but he preserves a balance between the two which is always agreeable and is probably exactly the thing for its purpose. It is genuine work, and there can be little doubt that it springs from a nature in whose philosophy an outdoor life, though not perhaps essential, is important. As we have already hinted, he writes in direct answer to a demand. As all his papers are of the same length it follows that their form is arbitrary, yet there is no strong or unpleasant flavour of the note-books from which they were extracted. He has the knack of wandering gossip, of description, and argument knit together by a harmony of tone. Like Mr. Crawford, he has a feeling for landscape and for emotional effect, and his colour sense is good. The following isolated passage is typical enough but cannot do justice to a book of which quantity and variety are important factors:

"There are many flowers which belong to the morning, and the evening, and a few which belong to the afternoon. Gorse in full blossom belongs to continuous afternoon: the yellow is the deep yellow of sunlight and heat. The primrose sits among the hazel shrubs and in the hedgerow a pure, pale yellow touched with the cold of morning rain, as faint and cool as light shining through its own crinkled leaves. The cowslip jewels twenty cups on a stem with a yellow glowing from emerald to fire; but she freshens her cups in shadows and windy grass. But the yellow of the gorse is the spread splendour of flowers thrusting into hot sunshine, massed and bunched and crowding in the heat; myriads of blossoms opening from buds wide-mouthed into the sun. The gorse wants no shadow, no leaf between its swelling petals and the heat; it can spare no green to set round its bloom but spikes and spines; its task is to push its buds into the hot air, a hundred in half-a dozen inches of stem. . . ."

Mr. R. B. Henderson's book is dedicated to the Natural History Society of Rugby School, and its aim is to give outlines of instruction to beginners, and after that to guide and justify the collecting of butterflies and moths. At the end is a note on the vision of insects and a list of useful books, among which we should like to have seen one at least that was not purely scientific or matter of fact, that might have enforced—what is probably the writer's view—the idea that science is not omniscience. The information and for the most part the tone is excellent, though we have been brought up once or twice by such an expression as—

"A creature which eats as much as a caterpillar could not produce so many eggs as a butterfly does, and this is perhaps *Nature's reason for the different states of existence of the same creature.*"

We are also inclined to dissent from his view that collecting is not a sport. That is its first attractiveness and probably its mainstay for a long time if not to the end, since there is otherwise little need for the net when good specimens are always available for close inspection and the best work still remains to be done upon insects that have been neither killed nor caught, but are left in their natural conditions.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE "TIMES" HISTORY.*

"The *Times* History of the War in South Africa" is now brought to a close by the publication of the sixth and seventh volumes. Of these, the latter contains an excellent and ample index, a good bibliography, a diary of the war, and several tables. Among the latter is one which gives the casualties of each regiment during the war. This has been arranged in a most unsatisfactory manner. Instead of following the natural sequence of the Army List, it has been put together in what, it is presumed, the compiler would describe as an alphabetical order. But even this excuse for the jumble which has been produced does not hold good, for while the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders begin the list, the Artillery and Engineers are not to be found under the A's or E's, but under the heading Royal. Yet the Royal Lancaster is placed under the other Lancashire regiments!

The sixth volume is divided into two parts; the first deals with the formation of the new governing power in the annexed republics, and the measures taken to restore the damage which the Boers had brought on themselves by their attempt to establish a Dutch hegemony in South Africa. During the war there was some talk of the "methods of barbarism" which were employed to crush the resistance of those who had wilfully brought on the conflict to shake off the British hold on the country. A perusal of "The *Times* History" should convince even the most sceptical of the unfounded nature of the accusations, and further confirmation of this view may be found in the history of the war published by the German General Staff. It may be confidently asserted that never were warlike operations carried on with so much thought for the inhabitants of the country in which they were waged, and never have conquerors done so much for the conquered as we have done for the Boers in South Africa.

Mr. Amery's contribution, in the shape of the first part of the sixth volume, comes at an opportune time. The four Colonies are now welded into one whole, henceforward to be administered by the Government of South Africa. The pages in which he has described the first measures by which the foundation of the present constitutional edifice was laid from the time the republics were annexed, the process of re-establishing the Boers in their homes, under the superintendence of the Repatriation Departments established in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, are of the highest interest. They show the gradual growth of the feeling of trust which the Boer leaders began gradually to feel in British administrators, and which led finally to the happy Union now established.

The key to the situation after the war was ended was to be found in the resuscitation of the gold industry, by far the most important of South Africa. Prosperity in the mines meant money spent in all the trades which supplied the many requirements of those engaged in it. This, Lord Milner, to whom Briton and Boer alike owe so much—for to him is due in great measure the present political state of the country—felt strongly. The sanguine views expressed by many of the mining magnates as to the rapid revival of prosperity in the Rand were doomed to disappointment, chiefly owing to the paucity of native labour; this was no new feature in South Africa, and had led to the introduction of Indian coolies in Natal as far back as 1860 and to the proposal to bring Chinese labourers into Rhodesia in 1901. Moreover, "the first year of peace, when everything depended on a good harvest, was marked by the worst drought which South Africa had known for forty years." These two unfortunate combinations produced the economic result which at the beginning so retarded the progress of the Transvaal and with it of the rest of South Africa.

Points still remain to be settled, among which is education in the Orange Free Colony (the name given at Dr. Jameson's suggestion in substitution for the Orange River Colony), but it is not too much to hope that the spirit of give-and-take shown by the four members of the Union will serve in the long run to obliterate this and all other points of difference between the two white races in South Africa.

The second part of Vol. VI. contains an appreciation of various military points connected with our forces, and deals with the Army we employed, its numbers and origin; the transport to the seat of war and the work done on the railways there, the duties of the engineer services, of supply and transport, both on a scale which had been required in no previous campaign. The tasks performed by the Army Ordnance and Remount Departments, the medical department and martial law administration, are gone into, and the volume winds up with a chapter devoted to finance.

Many of the evils therein described are now avoided by a saner system of administration. But let no man think that war can be conducted in accordance with the views of "My Lords" of the Treasury, or to speak more accurately those of its clerks. This was tried in the Crimean War with disastrous result. The Commander-in-Chief must in future be the sole and only judge of what is needed, and must not be hampered at every turn by so-called Financial Advisers. There have been examples even in peace-time since they were established of their silly methods of interference, their determination to save pence even if doing so involves pounds of subsequent expenditure. Government by a finance committee is never conducted properly, because the latter is usually quite unable to grasp any other point in the questions which come before it but the one of keeping down expenditure.

Mr. Amery and his assistants have succeeded in the seven volumes they have given to the public in producing a well-written and carefully compiled work, which is likely to remain the best history of the South African War published in the English language.

WALTER H. JAMES.

* "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902." Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. VI. 21s. net. Vol. VII. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

A SPURIOUS HERO.*

One grows rather tired of reading novels in which men and women are treated as mere social or psychological problems and made to misbehave themselves throughout a morbid, abnormal story, only to prove at last that two and two make four. It is clever, perhaps; serious persons will talk to you seriously of such an author's message, of his teaching, of his insight into human nature, and it is curious how they more readily and reverently credit him with these attributes when the tale he tells is unpleasant or the character he dissects is immoral. But human nature is a good thing as well as a bad thing, and the fact is that the men who really know most about it are not those who sedulously depict its squalors and expose its sores. When you go into a strange country it is the bizarre, the offensive, the unusual characteristics of the inhabitants that first strike your notice; you have to live among them and become more than superficially acquainted with them before their homely, common, naturally human qualities are evident to you. If a traveller can tell you nothing more of a race of cannibals than that they eat each other, you may be quite sure that he knows very little about them. The vast majority of husbands and wives never see the inside of the divorce court; the vast majority of marriages are not unhappy; the vast majority of men and women do not spend most

* "Splendid Brother." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

of their time in talking subtly or smartly about nice points of morality—or nasty ones. We men are a little breed; that can be ascertained without any insight, but your writer who has no insight imagines it is a discovery of his own and makes much of it accordingly.

Therefore we are always saying that popular as Pett Ridge now is, he is a bigger man than many of his critics realise. He is an infinitely truer realist and has a far deeper knowledge of humanity than is possessed by those complacent and coruscating dramatists and novelists who pose importantly as knowing all about it because they know a lot about one poor phase of it, who become cynical under the impression that they know the world because they are pretty thoroughly acquainted with one dark corner of it. Pett Ridge's men and women are neither passionless gods nor passionate beasts, but just made of the ordinary human stuff, and not put to face a problem that not one in a million of us ever has to meet, but put to face the hundred and one troublesome little problems that all of us are facing every day of our lives. Here, in "Splendid Brother," you have the story of Henry Drew told by himself—a story so natural and unexaggerated that it might easily be authentic autobiography. At the outset, Henry is a boy and wholly under the influence of his much older brother Leonard. He looks up to Len as to a glorious and superior creature who can make no mistakes and do nothing wrong. He adopts his brother's opinions, inherits his cast-off clothes, defends him against the impartial judgments of outsiders, devotes himself humbly and eagerly to his service. He is not disillusioned until Len has again and again proved himself a cad, selfish and dishonourable, and in spite of all, even to the last he is persuaded that whatever Len may have been to others, he has been always the best of brothers to him. The mother, too, idealises Len and believes in him, and very grudgingly comes to perceive that her younger son, though less showy, is much the abler and finer fellow of the two.

The family has come down in the world. They used to live at Blackheath and enjoyed something of social standing, but the death of the father had left them in poor circumstances, and the mother had to open a general shop to keep things going. Her hope is in Len, and Len is dazzlingly confident of himself; he is to restore the family fortunes and renew the great days they had known at Blackheath. But—"Any fool can take the main road," as he says to Henry towards the finish; "I like to get to my destination by short cuts": and the short cuts bring him to an end he had never had in view, where he has to own bitterly, "What a fool I have been to myself." Still himself, and no word of what that was worse he had been to others. This mother and her two sons are drawn with most intimate knowledge; they live, and are lifelike. Admirable too are the good-hearted, dissipated Mr. Latham, the advertising agent, and his flighty, headstrong daughter Kitty, with her shameless and hopeless passion for Len; the business-like widowed Aunt Mabel, who runs the undertaker's business with solid success; and the charming, sensible Milly, who brings into Henry's busy career romance and chequered happiness.

It is an excellent story; you are interested in it for the story's sake, but "Splendid Brother" is essentially a novel of character; its pervading humour is heightened by occasional touches of pathos, and by glimpses of that darker side of life that is rightly kept in the background as it is in life itself, except when it breaks out in the police courts. Both in what he tells and in what he leaves untold Pett Ridge reveals his power and his artistic skill; indeed, he leaves nothing untold, but he is not childish and does not treat his readers as if they were children—he is not so simple as to be continually pulling up his plants and exhibiting and explaining the roots of them in all their dirty details. In these times, when our most notorious literary cooks get glory and swelled heads by serving us up the most startling crude gobbets of raw flesh, the gracious art and wise humour of Mr. Pett Ridge are things to be thankful for, and at least one of his critics is abundantly thankful for them.

THE GREATEST OF BOHEMIANS.*

To one who has visited Bohemia, who has lingered in the old Tyn Church, where the forerunners of Hus preached, has seen High Mass celebrated on the very spot where, long after the death of Hus, four-and-twenty Protestant "Bohemian Directors, Counts, Lords, Knights and men of the Estate of the citizens" were executed, it is particularly interesting to take up this new biography of John Hus. Though Hus was in a sense a follower of Wycliffe, a forerunner of Luther—an apocryphal story makes him declare that if they burned a goose a swan would come afterwards whom they would not burn—and though the kingdom of Bohemia is a Roman Catholic country, the man who was burned as a heretic at Constance in 1415 is regarded in the light of a national hero. That this should be so will not be surprising to those who read Count Lützow's able study of the great reformer. Hus himself indignantly denied that he was a heretic—so far, that is, as he was permitted to defend himself at the mockery of a trial which led up to the tragedy of his execution or martyrdom. Though heresy was the convenient charge, we need not hesitate to attribute mainly to the jealousy and animosity of the parish priests of Prague the persecution from which Hus suffered from the beginning of his preaching to the moment when he perished at the stake. The jealousy was inspired by his remarkable eloquence as a preacher, the animosity by his heroic and unsparing attacks on the Bohemian clergy generally; "an intensely pious and rigidly virtuous priest, he viewed with what to worldly men may appear a puerile feeling of horror and indignation the unspeakable degradation of the Bohemian clergy." When to this jealousy and animosity was added the treachery of Sigismund, the fate of the great Bohemian can have been no longer in question after he voluntarily set out for the Council at Constance.

To-day in Bohemia everything concerning John Hus is a matter of keen interest; new writings connected with him have been discovered in various archives during the past half-century, and others, it is confidently believed, have yet to be revealed. All aspects of his life and writings have been the subject of thoughtful research, the authenticity of the "beardless" or "bearded" portraits has been canvassed, and sides have been taken by those who regard him as a heretic justly done to death in accordance with the law of his time, and those who regard him as a martyr sacrificed because of his animadversions upon a licentious clergy and Church authorities who winked at that licentiousness. Count Lützow emphatically states that "it cannot be sufficiently often reaffirmed that the principal cause on which Hus staked his life was that of Church reform." But he was something more than a protestant against the evil life of all too many of the clergy and against Church abuses generally. He was a patriot who had realised the essential importance of language to nationality. Born near the Bavarian border, he was early impressed with the necessity of struggling against the Germanising of the people's speech. When he became a priest it was to preach to his fellow-countrymen in their own language as often as in Latin, and to start the fashion of singing hymns in Czech—strides on the path of reform in the fourteenth century the importance of which it is not easy for us to estimate. Hus was indeed, as Count Lützow points out, a man who "was entirely guided by religious and national

* "The Life and Times of Master John Hus." By Count Lützow. 12s. 6d. net. (Dent & Co.)

A Deserted Convent: Main Entrance.

From "Portugal: Its Land and People," by W. H. Koebel. (Constable.)

enthusiasm, while the minutiæ of mediæval theological controversy did not greatly appeal to him": this, perhaps, made it the easier for his enemies to reach him with the deadly accusation of heresy—an accusation which those who live by the letter can easily substantiate against one who lives by the spirit. It is as a patriot that Hus is remembered in Bohemia to-day, though as recently as half a century ago a Bohemian writer declared in a letter to a friend that the great reformer's name was taboo in Austrian circles. Nowadays there is something more of freedom. After the long silence following upon "the Catholic Reformation" of 1620, various writings by Hus have been published or republished—though they have sometimes had to undergo double censoring at the hands of State and Church revisers—and his name remains one to conjure with among the many Bohemians who are to-day fostering the feeling of nationality, and with grim determination indulging in "passive resistance" against the Germanising of their loved and beautiful land. There is something at once romantic and tragic in the position of this people, more or less hemmed in by peoples with whom they have—to use Charles Lamb's euphemistic phrase—imperfect sympathies. Yet any one visiting the country to-day finds that the spirit which informed the greatest of Bohemians is now abroad informing a whole people, that along with material prosperity and commercial and artistic activity is a strong devotion to the sense of nationality. May the terrible words Count Lützow feels impelled to write about the fate of Hus never have to be repeated: "It is the fact that in all the most important moments the task of great Bohemians has been frustrated by the envy and malice of their own countrymen that renders the history of Bohemia one of the saddest in the annals of the world."

Count Lützow is a remarkable instance of a foreigner who has obtained such full command of the English language that he writes it as a cultured Englishman. This careful study of John Hus is a valuable contribution to the history of an extraordinary man and a remarkable period of European history, for Count Lützow begins by giving a summary of the intellectual conditions in which Hus began his career, and concludes by indicating the sequence of events which may be said to have been started by the martyrdom of the reformer—the Hussite wars and other struggles which culminated in the triumph of reaction at the great battle of the White Mountain in 1620.

WALTER JERROLD.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

To have read these two books and to have studied their illustrations is to have acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the life, scenery, customs, and monuments of the Spanish Peninsula. Both volumes are written by men who know their subject thoroughly, and both may not unfairly be reckoned as amongst the best of their kind which have appeared as yet. It must, however, be explained at the outset that the aims of the authors are almost diametrically opposite. Mr. Tyler has undertaken (in his own words) to "give some account of the various schools of art which are represented by existing monuments in Spain, and of the manner of their adoption. In order to do this, I have attempted to discover the nationality of the artists themselves, or, failing that, of their employers, and also to suggest some of the other agencies which brought about the importation of foreign styles." It is, in other words, with the art of Spain that Mr. Tyler is primarily concerned, though Spanish "life" and history necessarily enter into the book in no small degree. Mr. Koebel, on the other hand, disclaims the idea of having aimed at anything beyond a sketch of some of the more salient features of Portugal, and suggests that his picture of the life and landscape of the country has been achieved "perhaps a little too much at the expense of such subjects as its history and architecture."

Between two books written with such dissimilar aims, it is obvious that no comparison is possible. We take Mr. Tyler's book first. It is indeed refreshing to find so unconventional and outspoken a critic, and a man, too, who can always give the most excellent reasons for his arguments and statements. On many an occasion Mr. Tyler is to be found tilting against commonly accepted dicta with what seems to us irresistible effect, and he has, too, the gift of humour, which keeps him, even in his most technical passages, from ever becoming dull. The most conspicuous example, perhaps, of his unconventionality is to be found in Mr. Tyler's stubborn refusal to devote much of his space to Andalusia. From the point of view, as he rightly observes, of a book dealing mainly with existing monuments, the proportionate value of the South is very small, and he is probably no less correct when he remarks that:

> "The boasted later Moorish style which created the Alhambra is also scantily represented, and the enthusiasm it awakens is probably caused quite as much by associated ideas as by its own merits."

Mr. Tyler must not be taken too much *au pied de la lettre* when he asserts that Earl's Court contains examples of architecture quite equal in beauty to a great part of the Alcazar and the Alhambra, but his statement has, we think, more truth in it than many people would care or dare to admit. Comprehensive as his book is, Mr. Tyler has not visited every building of importance in Spain. We hope that he will make good this deficiency in a subsequent volume.

Mr. Koebel's own words, quoted above, will probably have given a fair idea of the type of book whch he has written. With an eye for the beautiful and the humorous

* "Spain: A Study of her Life and Arts." By Royall Tyler. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Portugal: Its Land and People." By W. H. Koebel. 16s. net. (Constable.)

and a power of setting his impressions down upon paper naturally and gracefully, Mr. Kcebel makes an admirable cicerone. A considerable amount of space is devoted by him to Lisbon, and, in a lesser degree, to Oporto. With some of his remarks on Lisbon we could, perhaps, dispense, but we are glad to find that he has paid so much attention to the ancient quarter of the metropolis, which is far from having received all the attention which it deserves.

Apropos of the electric tramcars which are such a feature of Lisbon, Mr. Koebel tells an amusing story of the horse-cars which one sees also plying upon the lines. These cars, it appears, are frank pirates upon the high rails, and when the company owning the lines brought the matter into Court, it was held that if the company chose to leave its rails lying about in the streets it could not object to the wheels of other vehicles passing over them. Of stories no less humorous Mr. Koebel has a plentiful supply, while he finds space also to discuss the industries, politics, and future of the country.

HEINE.*

The regularity with which new English versions of Heine are presented to the public is scarcely matter for surprise. The unassailable position which the poet has always occupied, not only in the temple of his native literature, but in the world of poetic achievement outside it, has received more than due acknowledgment from translators, if mainly by reason of those very qualities in his work which make him at once the most engaging and the most difficult to render. Unfortunately the task of presenting him in English dress has too often been undertaken in a spirit more creditable to the enthusiasm than to the special qualification of his interpreters. If the sense has been captured, too much of the soul has been allowed to evaporate in the process of conversion.

It was Bayard Taylor who said that the translator with all the resources of his own language at command should represent *by the one best word or phrase* the meaning and intention of the original, and by surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit which it is his endeavour to interpret, and through which he feels called upon to speak, should receive also a portion of the same creative power. The successful exercise of the two-fold function involved in this pronouncement—a keen sense for lingual equivalents combined with a modified state of ecstasy—could scarcely fail to furnish the ideal translation; and Mr. Robert Levy, the latest disciple of the "Voltaire of Germany," has, in the translation before us, gone far to justify his title to consideration when judged by this standard of excellence. Not only has he done his work with a jealous regard for the idiosyncrasies of an alien tongue, and a quite surprising knowledge of its inflections, but he has managed to preserve something of the melody which is so distinguishing a feature of Heine's lyrical genius. At the same time, he has kept to the original metres with scrupulous fidelity, save only when in his hands—as he tells us—double-ending rhymes "so natural in German . . . would have made a verse appear ungainly." Mr. Levy has further exercised a discretion amounting almost to instinct in the matter of exclusion. Whilst he has admitted, and rightly admitted, many of the poems which most fully illustrate the poet's fierce revolt against conventional standards, and the intensity of what has been called his sense of discordance between the real and ideal, little of the coarse profanity which so frequently disfigured his most characteristic work has found its way here. True, we miss many gems we should have liked to see included—notably in the "North Sea" series—but as Mr. Levy has promised to complete this section at a future date, we must be grateful for what he has already given us.

* "Heinrich Heine. Poems and Ballads." Done into English by Robert Levy. 5s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

Here is a sample of Mr. Levy's work taken from the "Lyrical Intermezzo." Every student of Heine will remember his beautiful "Es liegt der heisse Sommer":

"To-day warm summer lieth
Upon thy little face;
The little heart within thee
Giveth cold winter place!

"But this will alter with thee,
Beloved that thou art!
Upon thy face the winter,
The summer in thy heart!"

Here is another, taken from the "Songs":—

"All within me sings of loving—
Thought and feeling, soul and wit—
Ah! 'tis he, the little roving
Love God, has a hand in it!

"Into my heart's playhouse stealing,
Little impresario, he
Takes my every thought and feeling,
Setting them to melody."

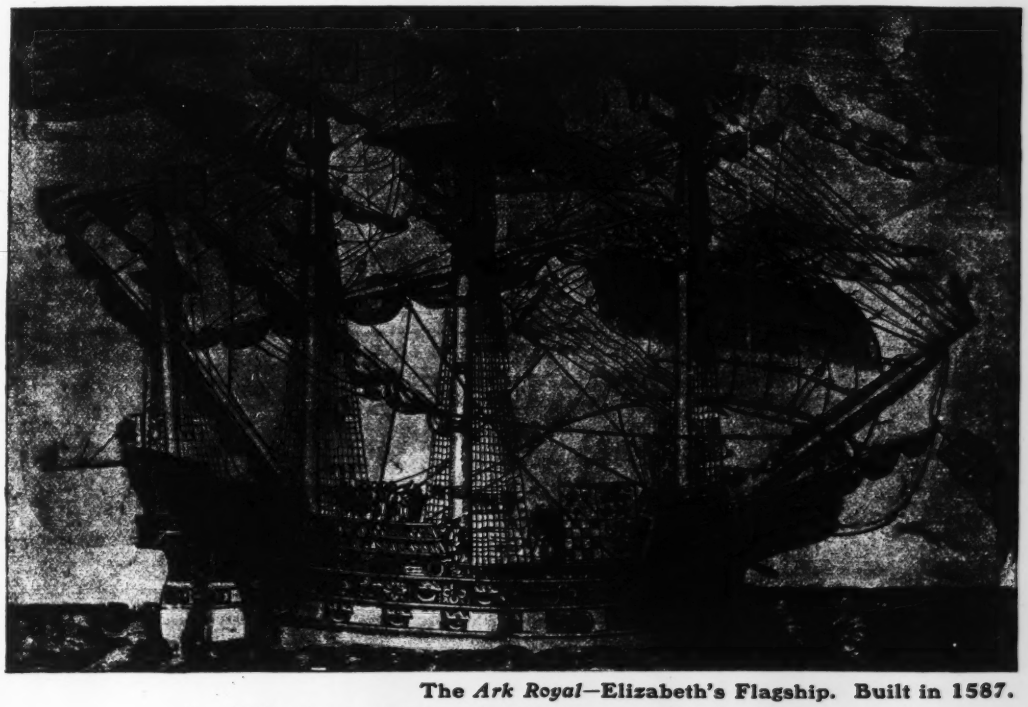
We are tempted to quote other examples of Mr. Levy's delicate skill, but as space forbids, we must content ourselves by saying that those given are entirely representative, and that this translation of Heine, so far as Mr. Levy has carried it, takes its place quite easily among the best, and may even be ranked as the first. F. E. K.

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN.*

"Love makes us feel in harmony with life: to give is the first law of life. Selfishness is the most insidious form of death." And again: "Life is worth living, if you live for others—always; if for yourself—never." So far as Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt's latest novel can be said to boast a moral tag at all, these are the moral tags it boasts. They are old-fashioned, but like many other old-fashioned things, they are none the worse for that. We find them as

* "The Way Things Happen." By Hugh de Sélincourt. 6s. (John Lane.)

Photo by C. P. Small, Chelsea. **Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt.**



The *Ark Royal*—Elizabeth's Flagship. Built in 1587.

From "Sailing Ships and their Story," by E. Keble Chatterton. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

presented to us by "The Way Things Happen" more than a little refreshing; for this tone is not too plentiful in much of our recent fiction, with its eulogies of something termed vaguely "self-realisation" as opposed to "self-sacrifice." Mr. de Sélincourt's reputation may or may not be advanced by "The Way Things Happen"; it is a wholesome, breezy, natural, and simply ingenious story, which the great public should read with pleasure and profit. The heroine, Miss Paul, is an entirely delightful character: a daughter of the remote suburbs who loses her brother in her thirty-third year and comes to live quietly in the Marylebone Road on her little fortune of £100 per annum. "It would have taken her five minutes to tell the story of her life, and she spoke slowly." Through the good offices of a mouse which she had caught and released again, Miss Paul makes the acquaintance of "the gentleman below," one Dr. Paveley, dullest of modern historical authorities, who in a moment of unaccustomed humanity proposes to make her his wife (and amanuensis)—and is refused. Almost simultaneously a casual acquaintance (who turns out to be a rich American) is fascinated by "her wonderful face" and her unostentatious kindliness to a starving man; he weds her, and is killed within a few weeks in a street accident. She had made life worth living for him by showing him the beauty of the earth and of love; and as he dies he asks her to become his "apostle of joy" in the world. This she does in many gentle useful ways, helping poor people individually and assisting young and as yet unrecognised artists. Although not without its tragedy, "The Way Things Happen" is for the most part a happy tale, most happily told. And Mrs. Martin, the cheery charwoman, whose genial philosophy of life first interests the heroine in the lives of others, is almost as memorable a figure as the heroine herself.

WINGS OF THE DEEP.*

Says Mr. Chatterton, in his preface to this book, which is quite excellent enough to do without one: "This history of sailing ships has been written primarily for the general reader, in the hope that the sons and daughters of a naval nation, and of an Empire that stretches beyond the seas, may find therein a record of some interest and assistance in enlarging and systematising their ideas on the subject." And if it does not both interest them and systematise their scrappy knowledge of ships past and present, then the fault is not his. At the expense of a large amount of most diligent research—labour for which he will not be too highly commended, such is the perversity of these things—he has produced a volume that taken with Mr. Warrington Smyth's "Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia" make the beginning and the end of the matter to all historical intents and purposes. He is quite right when he points out how often, and grossly too, poster-artists outrage the subject when they use old-time craft; but poster-designers are not the only sinners in this respect; the walls of Burlington House are not always guiltless of such anachronisms. Every artist who does, or thinks of doing, marine work should have a copy of this book, and it ought to be in every library in the land.

Mr. Chatterton is surprised that the lines on which the early Egyptian galleys were built have, with certain head and stern modifications from time to time, been so considerably followed all down the ages, particularly by the Greek, Roman, old Norse and even modern builders. Yet surely the fact that those peoples, not to mention later sea-going nations, saw the wisdom of such imitation, is enough to prove to all whom it may concern that the worshippers of Isis had discovered the natural lines on which to build their vessels. And this is strikingly true in the matter of the Greek and the Viking; because, although the Romans were a people of the Mediterranean littoral, the other two were much more by nature seafarers. However, in spite of such errors and of some that are merely typographical, Mr. Chatterton's volume is certainly an acquisition to the literature of the sea.

J. E. P.

* "Sailing Ships: the Story of their Development from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By E. Keble Chatterton. With 130 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Novel Notes.

THE SCORE. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (John Murray.)

There are two long stories in "The Score," and the second, "The Courage of Her Convictions," is much the better of them. There are three characters in it—Poppy St. John, the popular actress, Antony Hammond, the successful dramatist who has written the plays that have made her famous, and Lucius Denier, a rising politician. Poppy is staying on a holiday at Compton Regis. Hammond comes down to see her about his new play: she has been reading it and he has accommodatingly adopted all her suggestions and altered it to suit her; meanwhile an election is progressing at the manufacturing town of Westchurch, where Denier is standing in the Unionist interest, and she is anxiously waiting for news of the result. Denier is elected, and motors over fresh from one victory and eager for another. But Poppy is well over thirty; she has a good deal of self-respect, plenty of common-sense and no illusions; she is fond of her career, and sees that marriage with a leading actress of flippant drama will not be a good thing for an ambitious aristocrat, the younger brother of a peer, and she loves Denier sufficiently to wish him happy and not to let him mar his own prospects. The theme is handled cleverly, with a subtle sense of humour, and with admirable restraint. "Miserere Nobis," the other of the two stories, is frankly melodramatic; there is passion in it, and tragedy; but it is all put into the mouth of a dying man, and is inevitably painful. Withal, it is picturesque, and has certain qualities of vigour and grip that make it thoroughly readable.

LOW SOCIETY. By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Halifax's last book, "The Borderland," was a good story, but "Low Life" is that and something more; it is a true one. There is very little of the extravagant melodrama, the too thick laying on of glaring colours that somewhat marred the effect of the former—indeed, apart from the behaviour of the hero's aristocratic mother, there is none at all. "Low Life" is sheer actuality; the tale is told and the characters drawn with a simplicity and directness that make the whole thing as bitingly and convincingly realistic as any novel of Defoe's. Mr. Casswade, the rascally, prosperous jerry-builder, who would have been on the Council, "most likely Mayor—if he could read and write," is a little masterpiece of characterisation. Selina Shadd, her father the grocer, and her contemptible lover, George Baversham, are almost equally well drawn. It is not a flattering picture that Mr. Halifax paints of the neighbourhood of Barking and certain types of its inhabitants, but it is a vivid and a grimly amusing one. A tale of everyday life in lower London, written with humour and sympathy and a real knowledge of men and women, this novel not only fulfils the promise of its author's earlier work, but suggests reserves of power that justify us in looking to his future with great expectations.

MARY. By Winifred Graham. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Graham has essayed a very delicate and difficult task. She has written a book in which the central character represents, beyond doubt, the figure of the Virgin Mary, walking once more the earth's sublunary ways. She handles her subject with a sort of intuitive tact and tenderness that are beyond praise. In such a book there is no room for false notes, and she strikes none. Mary Aquila, the lady-gardener, carries with her an aura of luminous mystery, which clutches at the heart of the most careless, and in her eyes the shadow of an eternal pain, which strikes the sufferer with the sense of an immediate kinship. The lilies in the garden flower as never before, and the village children nestle at her knee. Even the great painter, who knew no other law in art and life than his own, defers to her opinion. She inspires him with the conception of a Madonna who shall be but a woman, weary with the weight of unsought worship, claiming no more than the rights of womanhood and sorrow. Alike in conception and in treatment, this is no ordinary book. Even though dwarfed by the singular pathos and beauty of the central figure, the minor characters are drawn with insight and sympathy.

THE MARRIAGE OF HILARY CARDEN. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Jack Allingham, the hero of this story, is a successful transport-rider on the Road when Rhodesia was being opened up by the daring of the early pioneers. The advent of the mines threatens to destroy his profession. Railways eventually supersede the waggon-traffic, but before this takes place Allingham, who has become rich by economy and judicious investments, goes home to marry an English girl. She is conventional, and he has too much of the open-air life to settle down in rural England. Friction inevitably arises. But when the pair revisit South Africa, after the war, the girl's heart softens to her husband; she begins to understand his grit and achievements, and they draw together. Mr. Hyatt has made an excellent story out of this clash of temperaments. He also is able to give his readers an inside view of Rhodesian life, which forms an instructive background to the plot. He loathes the foreign crowd, especially the Germans and the Jews, who have swarmed into South Africa. "South Africa has been in the melting-pot, and it hasn't come out refined." He gives a fair estimate of the mining industry and of the

Photo by Chas. E. Dixon, Gravesend.

Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt.

men who engage in it. But the absorbing interest of his story lies in Allingham, the pioneer, in the deflection of his life by love, and in its recovery. Hilary herself is a thin heroine, thin, that is, in importance. Her character never becomes very significant, except when she slaps a minor poet in the face for making love to her. It is the Rhodesians who live, both men and women, good and bad, whites and natives. What Mr. Hyatt has done is to write a capital Rhodesian novel, and the more Rhodesian it is, the stronger it is.

WATCHERS BY THE SHORE. By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Patterson's first novel, "Fishers by the Sea," earned much well-deserved praise, and there is sound workmanship in his new book that must ensure for it a like reception. He has gifts which are considerably out of the common. He is very unusually successful with his "atmosphere," and paints the background to his picture with much convincing and charming detail and with an obvious knowledge of the characters whom he introduces. He has a sense of the dramatic, too, and, when he chooses, can write in a manner to stir the blood. In addition he possesses the gift of making his characters alive; his men and women are intensely human in their failings and in their virtues. "Watchers by the Shore" is somewhat sombre in tone—its story of the betrayed girl and the betrayer, Caleb Thicknesse, who is wrought at length to repentance, must needs be touched with tragedy, though it moves to a happy ending. It is a poignant and impressive story, well contrived and imaginatively told; for its admirable descriptions of the daily life of the fishermen of the Suffolk coast, we have nothing but praise.

THE FORBIDDEN THEATRE. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie).

As Mr. Keighley Snowden says near the end of "The Forbidden Theatre," his story here, "after all, in its private aspect, is only another instance of the way love has of settling human differences." In its larger aspect it is the story of how Gerald Unwin, the kindly, delicate squire of Kingley in Yorkshire, wanted to perpetuate the memory of his dead wife, who had been an actress, by building a theatre and presenting it to the town. He makes his offer to the Town Council, but the strong Puritan sentiment of the majority is up in arms against it at once and there is trouble and dissension, and the whole district is split into opposing camps. The fiercest, most uncompromising enemy of the theatre is sturdy old Samuel Priestly, the Mayor, and the difficulties of the position are complicated by the fact that Unwin's son and Priestly's daughter are in love with each other and engaged to be married; they too are presently drawn into the heat and anger of the dispute, and come near to having their life's happiness wrecked upon it. It is an admirable tale, and the naturalness and sheer reality of it all give it a surer grip upon the reader's interest than any mere ingenuity of plot could have done. The life of the hard-working Yorkshire community, the dogged independence of its people, the sincere narrowness of the majority, the passionate earnestness with which they stand and fight for what they believe to be the right, and the sterling good-heartedness that underlies so much of their aggressive harshness—these things are depicted with intimate knowledge and with the sympathy that comes of understanding. The love romance that runs through it is charming, but this is primarily a novel of character: Samuel Priestly, Pey Letch, "the ratepayers' candidate," the self-taught, tough Sam Fort, the aristocratic Unwins, the spirited Isabel Priestly—they are all drawn from the life, and in their widely different kinds are wonderfully human. Mr. Snowden is to be congratulated on a conscientious and very capable piece of work, and we emphatically recommend those who are looking out for what is best in the fiction of the day to put "The Forbidden Theatre" on their list at once.

A HOUSE OF LIES. By Sidney Warwick. 6s. (Cassell.)

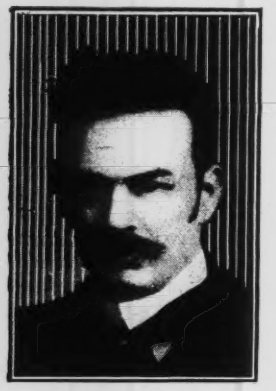
Mr. Warwick has a trick of enlisting the sympathy of his readers for every one of his characters, and the surprising way in which he gains admiration for even the villain of this story—who ruins the lives of a number of people, and seems unforgivable in the first few chapters—goes far towards making the book the real success that it is. "A House of Lies" has an intensely dramatic plot, the threads of which are cleverly woven together, and illustrates, as the title intimates, how one lie leads on to another—and the ghastly results. The situations are strong, and handled with skill; particularly the scene near the end between David Muir and Marion Cross, showing how a woman who has only lived for vengeance declines to take it when it is within her grasp because of the splendid striving of the man to repair the past. A book that has been well thought out and is well worth reading.

ABOVE ALL THINGS. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. (John Long.)

In his latest book Mr. Teignmouth Shore reminds us of that extremely able writer, Mr. Leonard Merrick. He introduces us to the same sort of society, a society which is not of the West End nor the East, but rather of a mild-mannered Bohemia. Like Mr. Merrick, too, he is a sincere literary craftsman, eschewing the sensational, the obvious and the slipshod. His characters are convincingly life-like, and have the quality of compelling our sympathy. The main interest of the story centres round a quartette of figures—two sisters, May and Kate Briggate, Arthur Church, the journalist, and John Wood, his friend. Unconsciously the four are playing at cross-purposes, and, for a time, the threads seem hopelessly tangled. The sinister presence in the background of Kate's scoundrelly husband further complicates the knot. The method by which the author brings about the happy dénouement which the whole atmosphere of the story demands is, it must be confessed, somewhat violent and unconvincing. But in a novel whose interest is of character rather than plot, the flaw is not vital. The book is written with a delicate and unobtrusive art which lifts it far above the ruck of ordinary fiction.

SHOES OF GOLD. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Too often the characters in historical or semi-historical novels are absurd puppets, performing improbable actions and talking a grotesque and impossible jargon. This is not the case with the creatures, drawn partly from national archives and partly from Mr. Drummond's imagination, who figure in "Shoes of Gold." They live and move as real people, romantic and yet rational in conduct, direct and natural of speech. The plot opens in France in "the worst days of Louis the Fifteenth" and develops in the barbaric Russia of that notorious Peter who was succeeded by the famous or infamous Empress Catherine. We see that wonderful woman, whom some called the new Messalina and some a second Semiramis, in her finer aspects through the medium of Mr. Drummond's story. Peter, as all the world knows, was obsessed by a maniacal weakness for everything Prussian. Herein lay serious danger for France. Against this menace the ordinary forces of French diplomacy were arrayed in vain. De Choiseul, minister of Louis (and the Pompadour), determined that only by a conquest of Catherine could the future of France be secured



R. Andom.

against Russo-Prussian aggression. Therefore he despatched Paul de Saintonge to Petersburg, in the guise of a gentleman of pleasure, to win the heart and so control the head of the Empress. But Paul fell in love with another by the way; and so was imperilled not only the safety of his country but the pride of his personal ambition and the disposal of the rich fortune of the Lavals willed to him should he succeed, but open to diversion if he failed. After many adventures and much searching of conscience, Paul approached the Empress with an affection which he did not completely feel. Catherine assumed the rôle of fairy godmother; and detecting his insincerity and knowing his love for her maid-in-waiting, Ulrica Khitrovin, she brought together the young people, promised Paul her friendship for France, and so achieved a happy curtain at the end. The story is most admirably told: vividly and with picturesqueness and a keen historic sense, yet with restraint and a fine economy of words. We congratulate Mr. Drummond on a really notable novel.

THE NECROMANCERS. By R. H. Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Father Benson has written a graphic little novel against the practices of modern spiritualism, which he seems to regard as offering an opportunity to the devil. Mr. Cathcart, a Roman Catholic solicitor who has given séances up, believes that evil spirits "are at us all the time, trying to get in at any crack they can find—that in one person they produce lunacy and in another just shattered nerves, and so on. They take advantage of any weak spot anywhere." This quaint superstition seems to be the source of the author's chief objection to spiritualism. But, apart from the sectarian bias which appears in his pages, he has constructed a thoroughly interesting story of a lad who was nearly driven insane by a succession of trances in which he thought he saw the ghost of a pretty village girl who had died before he and she could be married. The supernatural horror is not drawn so vividly as in "Jimbo." Father Benson's religious views prevent him from handling the terrors of the unseen with Mr. Blackwood's freedom, and he has not the latter's genius for analysing spiritual illusions. But the characters of the story are living people. The medium is not a mere rogue, and the sensible girl, Maggie, who rescues Laurie from his insanity, is an attractive foil to the other and weaker women. Had the story embraced more of the love-interest, it would have possessed a reality which the reader misses in Father Benson's clever dialogue and discussions.

ON TOUR WITH TRODDLES. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The "Troddles" books have had, we believe, a very wide sale and the newest of them, "On Tour with Troddles," is probably destined to the same happy fortune. The book is descriptive of a tour from London to the West of England taken by four young men of the lively, quite irresponsible description. The author makes capital play with minor mishaps and miscellaneous anecdotes (which are none the less diverting for having nothing to do with the plot); the tour seems to have been one long wrangle from start to finish, and the adventures are of the sort it is funnier to read about than to go through. To all who are looking for a book to make them laugh we commend Mr. Andom's latest effort. Mr. Whitwell's numerous illustrations are good.

The Bookman's Table.

DIVERSIONS IN SICILY. By Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

These diversions are mostly marionette shows, and very entertaining, too, according to Mr. Festing Jones. The puppets are almost life size, and the interminable story of Carlo Magno and his paladins and the wars against the Saracens is performed night after night in the teatrino. "It is as though in England the cab-drivers, railway porters, and shop-boys were to spend evening after evening, month after month, looking on at a dramatised version of the 'Arcadia' or 'The Faerie Queene.'" Besides the marionettes there are the State lotteries, the church pageants, and a company of living Sicilian actors—all included in the diversions. It is a great business, the choosing of your number for the lottery, and the true gambler is always on the look-out for signs and omens to guide him in his choice. On Mount Eryx (now called Monte San Giuliano) and at the town of Calatafimi Mr. Festing Jones witnessed some remarkable ecclesiastical processions, and these are described at length. On the mountain the return of a sacred picture of the Madonna to its shrine at Custonaci was the chief event of the festival, and this followed after a great procession of cars "presenting the somewhat intractable subject of Noah's Ark and the Universal Deluge." At Calatafimi there were two processions of cars; first the various trades were represented, and then came the story of the Prodigal Son. It was at Castellinaria that the company of Sicilian actors were found. The author waxes enthusiastic over Giovanni, the leading actor and manager of the company, and convinces us that the appreciation is deserved. Not only is Giovanni great on the stage, he turns out to be a capital fellow in private life. Altogether Mr. Jones's Sicilian friends are a delightful set of people at holiday times.

Photo by Samuel Butler. **Mr. Henry Festing Jones.**

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By R. M. Johnston. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Johnston has no new facts about the French Revolution and no new light to throw upon it, but he tells the wonderful story over again concisely, vividly, restrainedly, and with an excellent skill in narrative. He gives in this short history of his a general view of the Revolution from the days immediately preceding its outbreak down to the year 1799, when Napoleon adroitly harnessed it and took the reins into his own hands. It is a scholarly and very adequate piece of work, and not the least of its merits is that it is eminently readable. There is a good chapter on the Art and Literature of the period, and everywhere Mr. Johnston's views on the significance of the great upheaval are well-considered and suggestive.

THE RIDING TO LITHEND. By Gordon Bottomley. With Drawings by James Guthrie. (Pear Tree Press.)

"The Riding to Lithend" is a drama of atmosphere rather than of personality. Whether the author's intention was deliberately to symbolise a mood or not, this is what he has done. Some lines spoken quite at the beginning of the play give the note:

> "I like not this forsaken quiet house.
> The house-men out at harvest in the Isles
> Never return. Perhaps they went but now,
> Yet I am sore with fearing and expecting
> Because they do not come. They will not come.
> I like not this forsaken quiet house,
> This late last harvest, and night creeping in."

This atmosphere of doom is over the whole play as a cloud. The characters flit in it somewhat unreally. Gunnar, the heroic outlaw, Rannveig, his mother, and Hallgerd, his beautiful treacherous wife, do not move us as human beings. They are marionettes dancing behind a curtain of grey gauze, shown up by flickering candlelight. And as such we may enjoy them until the climax, the fight at the end. There, since it is obvious that violent reality has been aimed at and missed, we lose our illusion. The essential realism which belongs to even the most imaginative great art is lacking. Still, Mr. Bottomley is a poet. He writes blank verse which is vivid and supple and has a fine sense of the colour of words. Now and again he gets an absolutely Greek effect, as—

> "Fire is a hurrying thing, and fire by night
> Can see its way better than men see theirs."

But there is little of the golden light of Greece about the play. It is a thing of gloom and fantastic shadows. Mr. Guthrie's drawings illustrate it well. To look at them is like looking into darkness from which dim shapes gradually emerge. Poem and pictures alike show signs of growing on you.

SWORD AND BLOSSOM POEMS. From the Japanese. Vol. II. (Done into English Verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. Illustrated by Japanese artists. Published by Hasegawa, Tokyo. To be had from Simpkin & Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

We had occasion certain months ago to place on record our appreciation of a most delightful volume which had come here from Japan. Encouraged by success—for we are told that all the copies of that volume are disposed of—there is now a second volume at our doors. Another book of verse as delicate as cherry-blossom. Here is one:

> "Passionate music of the Nightingale,
> Not Joy you bring me, but a strange Regret,
> A memory of nothingness, the pale
> Face of a Lover I have never met."

And if we can transcribe the music of the nightingale we cannot do the slightest justice to the pictures that are on the pages of this book. It is impossible to make the least description of the painting that is on the same page as the lines which follow:

> "Summer and Autumn met, I think, to-day,
> For as I sit and rest I call to mind
> How all the grass to northward of the way
> Sighed in the sudden coolness of the wind."

How far the English poetess has translated and how far she has supplied the poetry we do not know, but there has never been an illustration (done by the three-colour process) more convincing than that upon this page. It has the very flavour of the poem, so that it would seem as if our poetess has been no traitor, as in Italy they say that all translators are.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA. By James Bromley Eames, M.A., B.C.L. 20s. net. (Pitman.)

Now when China is at length awakened and quietly putting her house in order, Mr. Eames's story of "The English in China" has an especial timeliness. He has set himself to describe and explain the origin, growth, and development of British interests in the Celestial Empire, from the beginnings of our trade there in the early years of the seventeenth century down to the present day. The book is carefully and ably written, and is a distinctly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the intercourse and relations that have existed and exist between this country and China, and of the urgent problems with which Europe is confronted in the Far East. Mr. Eames has some interesting things to say on the Chinese temperament and character; on the missionary question; the working of the British Law Courts in China; he denounces the opium traffic as an evil that must be eradicated, and is convinced that "the access of prestige that would come to us as a nation" if we used our influence to secure its suppression "could not fail in the long run to bring a material reward"; but his main purpose has been to give an account of our traffic with China in the way of trade, and all that has resulted from it. There are several illustrations and two useful maps.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

The leading character in Mr. Rowland Strong's story of **The Marquis Catilini** (6s.) has certainly "all the qualities of a popular hero." Pleasure-loving, magnificent, courageous, a fine blend of the dandy and the warrior, he poses as a Tribune of the People, is "the prophet of a great national movement, the acknowledged leader of the redoubtable Exterminist party" in Paris. He sees enough of love and intrigue and adventure, and is still living in 1968 when at the age of ninety-eight he writes a letter of reminiscence. It is a capital romance of the France of to-day and to-morrow.

The Master Schemer. by Mrs. Vere Campbell (6s.), is a well-combined tale of mystery and jealousy and double cunning, written with considerable skill.

Messrs. Greening have added Miss Winifred Graham's **A Miracle of the Turf** and Lucas Cleeve's **The Cardinal and Lady Susan** to their admirable sixpenny series of popular novels.

MESSRS. GOWANS & GRAY.

The use and beauty of Messrs. Gowans & Gray's little sixpenny art booklets is undeniable, and **The Art of Gainsborough** is an excellent addition to the series. Page after page reveals the masterpieces of this great painter's work, and from personal experience we know that either for making children familiar with the great pictures of the world or for refreshing one's own mind with a recollection of their beauties, these booklets are invaluable.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE.

Press Cuttings (1s. net), Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest dramatic production, is described as "a topical sketch compiled from the editorial and Correspondence columns of the daily papers," and is the wildest possible knock-about farce based on the suffragette movement. It is clever, contains some sly political hits, and makes delightfully amusing reading.

MESSRS. HARRAP.

To their series of "All Time Tales" Messrs Harrap have added **A Book of Nature Myths,** by Florence Holbrook (1s. net)—stories adapted from the folk-lore of primitive races. They are told in simple style, and are just such tales of birds, insects, and animals as children delight in.

Stories from Thucydides, by H. L. Havell, and **The Story of Roland and the Peers of Charlemagne,** by James Baldwin (2s. 6d. net each) are tales retold from ancient history, that real fairy-land of romance, that should appeal mightily to all boys who love to read of true heroes and high adventure. The books are admirably produced and cleverly illustrated.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

The Bill Toppers, by André Castaigne (6s.), is a vivacious and amusing story of the vicissitudes of a family of variety entertainers, the heroine, Lily, being a charming, self-reliant young lady whose earliest memories, as a four-year-old, were, "I was sitting on Ma's shoulders, Ma on Pa's, and Pa on the bike." Mr. Pett Ridge's series of ten characteristic stories in **Thomas Henry** (1s.) deal with the life of a "van-boy" in the employment of a railway company, and are in their author's best and happiest vein.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

In **Woman in Music** (3s. 6d. net) Mr. George P. Upton has written a very attractive record of woman's influence on music, and told the love-stories of some of the world's greatest musicians. The book is daintily got up, and delightfully readable.

Messrs. Stanley Paul have issued a shilling edition of George Colmore's striking and very popular story **Priests of Progress,** and at the same price they publish **Brother Rogue and Brother Saint,** an entirely new novel by Tom Gallon—and one of the ablest and most absorbingly interesting sensational novels he has ever written.

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From Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. come **London** and **The Thames** (1s. each); two guide-books which are as fascinating as real romance, in addition to being practically useful, to any traveller in those neighbourhoods, upon every point. Illustrations, maps, and plans complete the success of both volumes.

We welcome a new edition of M. Leon Delbos's **Student's Graduated French Reader** (1s. 6d.) which Messrs. Williams & Norgate send us. This is its fifteenth reappearance, and it is now thoroughly remodelled and revised. It contains anecdotes and stories, exercises and vocabulary, and is admirably suited for use in public schools.

Relaxation and inspiration, as well as information, may be gained from the Homeland Association's useful and suggestive volume on **Where to Stay in the West Country** (6d. net). Messrs. F. Warne & Co. publish it, and in it may be found many a score of reasons for a tour or a holiday in the West Country. Here is help for those in search of rest and those in search of beauty, for those who need health and those who need amusement. Here, too, is an alphabetically arranged description of towns and districts, giving distance, size, fares, and much detailed practical information. In addition to all this are interesting illustrations and a list of books to read.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10.

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BERG, EMIL P.—Our Lord's Preparation for the Messiahship. 3s. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
LEUBA, JAMES H.—The Psychological Origin and the Nature of Religion. (Religions Ancient and Modern.) 1s. net (Constable)
WAGNER, CHARLES.—The Home of the Soul. Translated from the French by Laura Sanford Hoffmann. 6s. (Funk & Wagnalls)
WALPOLE, G. H. S., D.D.—The Kingdom of Heaven: What It Is and How we Enter it. 2s. 6d. net (Elliot Stock)
WHITTAKER, T. W.—Schopenhauer. (Philosophies Ancient and Modern.) 1s. net .....(Constable)
WOLFENDEN, REV. JAMES, D.D., F.R.G.S.—The Triumph of Right, and Other Sermons. 1s. net (A. H. Stockwell)

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